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HIGH TIMES

MARCH 1983

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Every subject area is profusely described and illustrated, in easy, step by step detail, with tips and reader experiences you'll never find in any other publication. Because this new way of growing is fundamentally so different from conventional growing there are a zillion questions you'll doubtless want answered. **The Quarterly** has tried to anticipate them all.

HERE ARE A FEW EXCERPTS FROM RECENT ISSUES:

ON PRUNING: Indoor growing requires proper pruning. It is probably one of the most important things you can do for a decent crop . . . First, I will separate the process into two basic areas: pruning for development and pruning for harvest . . .

ON NUTRIENT CHEMISTRY: . . . There are two different areas of discussion here. 1) The chemistry of soils vs. hydroponics, that is, the manner in which nutrients are made ready for plant use. 2) The physiology of nutrient uptake, that is how those nutrients pass from the soil or hydroponic solution into the plant . . .

ON LIGHTS: The bulbs on the halides have a tendency to change colors sometimes. You may notice that suddenly your light is glowing a little pinker. Or one bulb will have a slightly different color than another bulb. . .

ON CLONING: Cloning is a misnomer which has become a popular name for propagation through cuttings. What is so great about cuttings? . . . you can grow a genetic duplicate of a prize plant, so that if you have a terrific female, you can have a repeat performance with a cutting. By knowing ahead of time what your plant will be, you eliminate the need to presex and save weeks of growing time. Reason being that when you pre-sex by manipulating the photoperiod it takes at least a week to declare its sex and during that week your plant doesn't grow.



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"I think your publication is the best available one on this subject today."

"I think you deserve a pat on the back for all the fine and invaluable information you give to us ever knowledge hungry cultivators. I consider you and Rob Clarke (**Marijuana Botany**) probably the two most knowledgeable writers of material dealing with cannabis cultivation and propagation I have found to date."

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HIGH TIMES

No. 91 March '83

FEATURES

Cover Illustration • Slugo Signorino

Interview: David Solomon *by George Barkin and Bob LaBrasca*

In 1977, American author David Solomon was arrested in what has been described as the biggest drug bust in English history. He was charged with participating in a conspiracy to manufacture and distribute LSD—a staggering quantity which amounted to 90 percent of the acid in Great Britain and over one-half of the acid in the entire world. Paroled after serving five and a half years of a 10-year sentence, Solomon tells his side of the story.

32

I Saved Dad from a Marijuana Freakout: A True-Life Story of Personal Heroism *by George Barkin*

How time flies. One day they're holding you in their arms, soothing away the terrors of a scary Martian nightmare, the next day they're calling on the phone begging you to come over and talk them down from an unpleasant drug experience. Sure, parents can be a pain; but they were there when you needed them, so what's the big deal in returning the favor?

52

Raiders of the Lost Gold *by "R"*

"R"'s quest for the Lost Load—Chateau Forcade '75, the greatest vintage of gold grass ever grown—leads him into the hot tub of Susannah, current resident of Chateau Forcade and a first-class testosterone provoker, if there ever was one. From her, "R" learns the real story behind the night of the heart-attack weed, and also why cocaine bubble baths can be extremely hazardous to your health.

64

Sounds Special: Dire Straits *by John Swenson*

Releasing their first album in the teeth of the punk-rock movement, Dire Straits championed neoclassic rock values at a time when "Beatles" and "Rolling Stones" were dirty words. Four records and a bunch of personal changes down the road, lead singer/songwriter and guitarist Mark Knopfler checks his back and keeps taking chances

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Government Dope Tours Fizzle . . . Paraquat Plot Bared . . . Narcs Net Tuna . . . 600 School Dealers Nabbed in NYC . . . County Cop Raids Okra Patch . . . Spying on Weed Ships: A "National Security Secret" . . . Giant Pot Plants Seized

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38 **The Road to Albemarle**
by Dean Latimer
In this, the exciting conclusion to Dean Latimer's tale of drug-smuggling adventure, crooked law-enforcement officials and New Jersey mobsters sucker Elinor Henderson and Huey into turning over their whole planeload of contraband. Will they remain out-foxed and see their payload snatched right from under their noses, or does Huey have one more trick up his premed sleeve?



44 **I Was a Teenage Performance Artist**
by Vale and Andrea Juno
"It's a very exciting thing... to think that I can make trouble and annoy people." Unholy terrors, these kids. A few years ago they would've been dosed with Ritalin and sent to bed without "Gilligan's Island." Today they roam the playgrounds of the subconscious, blowing up robots and playing with dead cats. "For Art's sake, just what the hell is going on here?"



50 **Centerfold: Our Man on the Moon**
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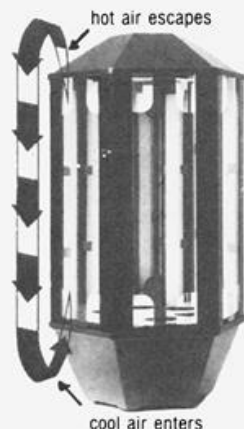
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	INSIDE	OUTSIDE
Air Speed	15mph	0mph
Humidity	40%	100%
Temp	90°	70°

LIGHT — HOW CAN 233 watts be as efficient as 1000 watts?



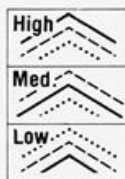
1. Plants always closer than 3 inches from any 2 light sources.
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THC —————
CBD - - - - -
CBN

CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized.
HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, shorter
LOW THC — psychoactivity is less intense, longer lasting
HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen
CBD increases with high Phosphorus high Nitrogen

	Orchids	Roses	Violets
Nitrogen	Low	High	Med.
Phosphorus	High	High	High
K-Potassium	Med.	Low	Low

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*Cannabinoid Profile and actual test results presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin Production and Plant Growth", pertains to any plant.

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B Pseudo Incense			9.99			30.00			100.00	600.00	1000.00	
C UltraScent		8.99			17.99		32.99	60.00	100.00	600.00	1000.00	
D White Lady Incense					15.00				80.00	500.00	800.00	
E Superior Rock Incense				9.99		26.99		60.00	100.00	600.00	1000.00	
F Super Scent		8.99			17.99		32.99	60.00	100.00	600.00	1000.00	
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Passing the Piss Test

Editor:

Kudos to Dean Latimer for one of the best pieces of investigative journalism that I have read in a long time. I'm referring, of course, to his article on the EMIT urinalysis test in your November issue. What with the test's extensive employment in both the public and private sector, to be armed with such information is vital. As a medical professional I am well aware of the dangers of leaving such crucial matters in the hands of the so-called professionals.

—Dr. Richard Nelle
Lincoln, Neb.

Incurably Romantic

Editor:

Thoroughly enjoyed Michael Aldrich's historical account of opium addiction among the belles-lettres set [HIGH TIMES, Nov. '82]. Along with most scholars, though, I would take issue with his claim that Coleridge wrote "Kubla Khan" upon awaking from an opium dream. Coleridge's best poetry is always fragmentary (i.e., "Christabel," "A Sunset," "The Knight's Tomb," etc.)—he wrote no complete poems that can match these fragments.

Apologizing for his not being able to finish "Christabel," Coleridge wrote, "The reason of my not finishing 'Christabel' is not that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind, but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one."

Such was his modus operandi. Opium had nothing to do with it.

—Karl Emerson
Topeka, Kans.

Ganesh Goes Ganja

Editor:

So now we finally find out where Zippy was getting all his *non sequiturs* from—Ganesh Baba (HIGH TIMES, Dec. '82). I especially liked, "I'll take your ghee, I'll take your butter, I'll take your money and your honey. I love cows and women." Is this guy for real or what?

—Edward Rosetti
Boston, Mass.

What do you mean by "real"?—Ed.



Science Marches On

Editor:

As a grower with over 10 years' experience, I found an old back issue of yours most interesting. I am

referring specifically to an article in your June issue that detailed the arguments in the sativa-indica controversy. For many years now I have been working to develop a high-powered crossbreed. I have a good sativa that has evolved nicely over a period of six years, and an indica that I have grown indoors for four generations. Hopefully they will prove a fine hybrid. If I'm successful, I'll let you know. I enclose the photo below to let your readers know that we grow more than tomatoes in Ohio.

—W.G.

Dayton, Ohio

Ultimately Yours

Editor:

Recently I was reading a back issue of HIGH TIMES, circa 1978, and in it there was a letter to the editor from a rock musician of the 1960s named Ian Bruce-Douglas. He was the lead singer and songwriter for a group called Ultimate Spinach. Having been a longtime aficionado of the group because of its acid-soaked lyrics, I would very much like to get in contact with him, so as to express my appreciation of the fine lyrics and music with which he has enriched my life. His letter gave New Orleans as his home address. I have tried information but he is not listed. Would it be possible for me to either get his address, or, if that is not possible, would you please pass on a letter to him if I send it to HIGH TIMES?

Seeing his letter really blew my mind because I have wondered what ever became of Ian Bruce-Douglas for about 10 years! Thank you so much.

—Name and address
withheld

Ian, phone home.—Ed.

The HIGH TIMES Bookstore

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The Pill Book

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Book of the Month

The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kayo

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Kava-Kava, Famous Drug Plant of the South Seas

by E.F. Steinmetz

Learn about the use and effects of this amazing narcotic plant from the South Pacific. Brew up a batch of this potent beverage yourself and you'll understand why the natives are restless. #015 \$2.00

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Complete instructions for growing fine, organic sinsemilla marijuana, the seedless variety prized by connoisseurs for its exquisite high. #023 \$4.50

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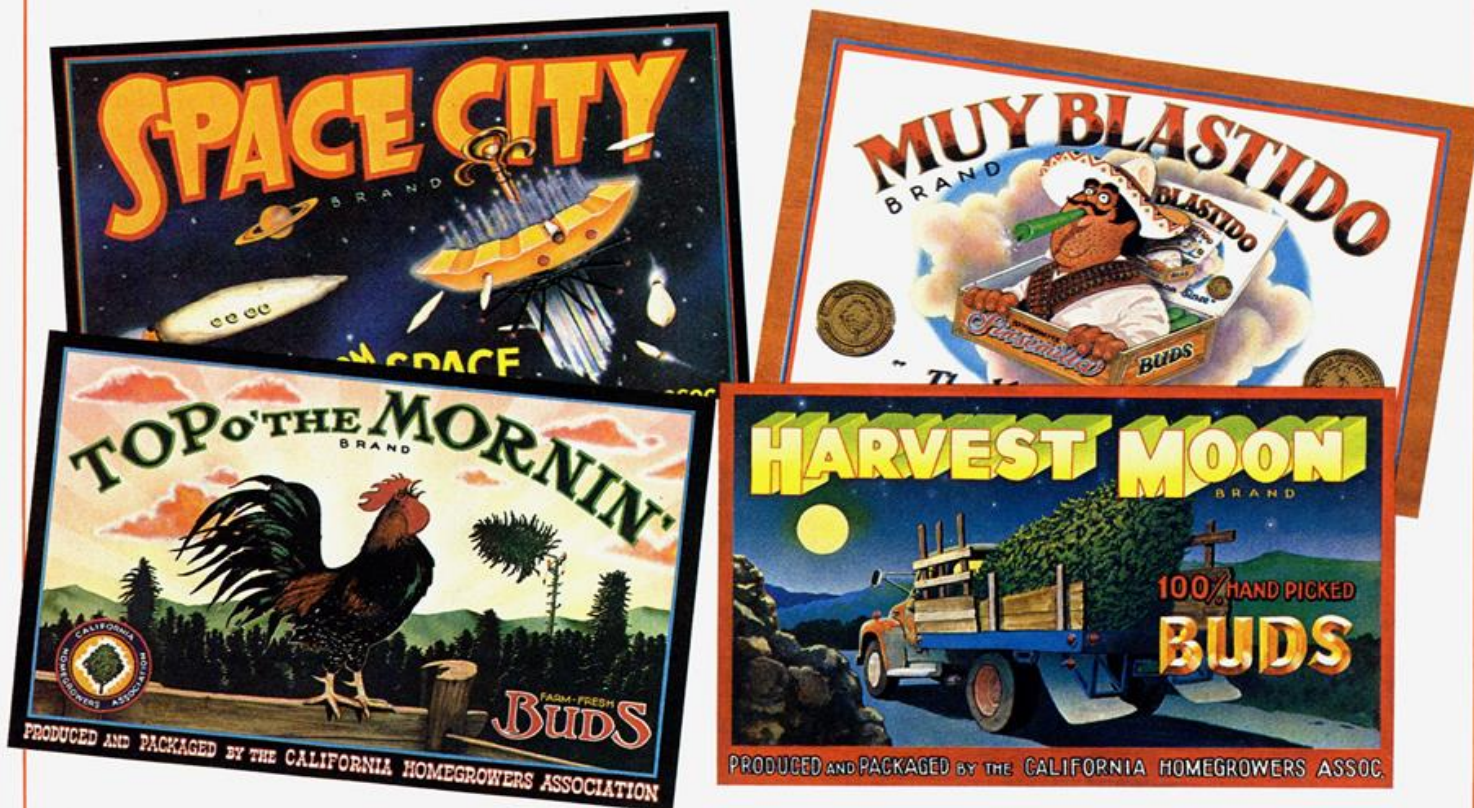
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FLASHES



Sinsemilla Studio Grows Labels

Deep in the redwood forests of Northern California, in an art studio that would rival the seven dwarfs' workshop, Pat Ryan and his partner, the late, great Dave Sheridan, internationally renowned underground cartoonist, have created a tongue-in-cheek look at what California's *Biggest Agricultural Business* might be like someday.

Here, in the tradition of early California produce labels, they have created a contemporary graphic style that extolls the virtues of the state's most popular exports, humor and imagination.

Partners in a graphic-design studio aptly named C.O.D. Grafix (Grafix as in "Comix"; C.O.D. stands for "Consistently Overdrawn"), Ryan and Sheridan enjoyed the benefits of living in a paradise where, it was rumored, the finest sinsemilla buds obtainable grew. The vintage tops of the North Coast, just like the famous vintage wines, are all products of an unmatched Northern California climate. Many a day was spent at C.O.D. Grafix with Pat and Dave tripping through a list of fictitious names for particularly stony samples of buds that friends had grown in their backyards. They delighted in coming up with outrageous brand names that visually were as recognizable as the brands of *any* commercial

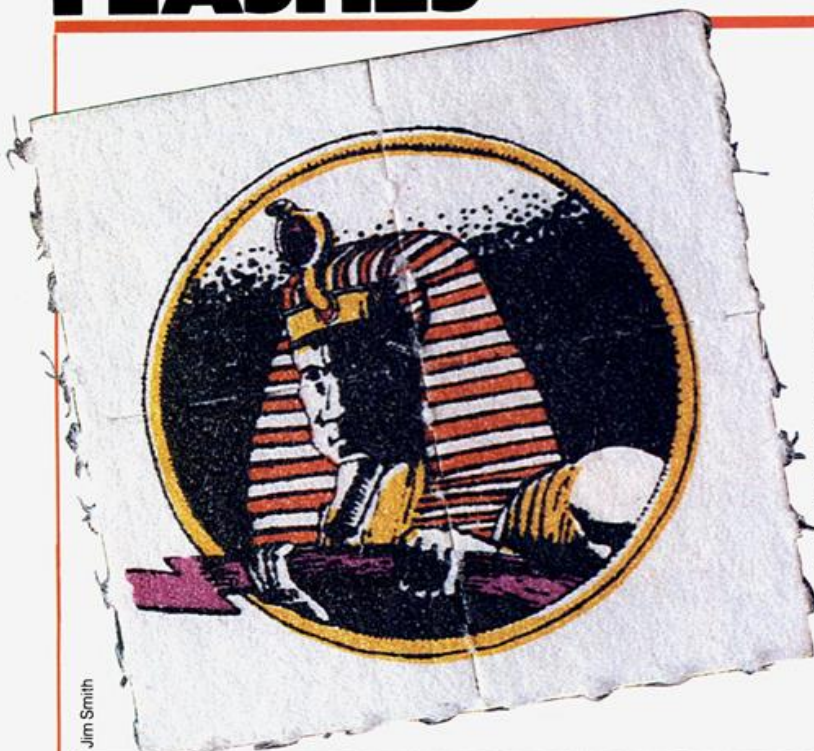
product sold today, and especially common to the ear of grass-roots bud-lovers everywhere... for example, "Sticky Fingers" or "Space City" brands.

Soon the list grew so big, and the artists were so inspired, that they carried out their satiric fantasies and started to market them as postcards, stickers and T-shirts, under the name "California Homegrowers Association."

Begun in 1982, the association has opened its membership to everyone. The \$10 membership includes: eight full-color postcards and eight stickers that you can stick wherever they look good. You also get a specially numbered membership card, a California Homegrowers Association button, a two-dollar-off coupon good toward the purchase of a beautiful full-color T-shirt with one of the eight different designs on the front and the full-color California Homegrowers Association logo on the left sleeve (usually \$12 plus tax).

A membership card entitles its holder to a seasonal newsletter and a first look at the next portfolio of new designs.

For further information contact: The California Homegrowers Association, P.O. Box 628, Fairfax, CA 94930.



Jim Smith

Talk about Mickey Mouse acid...

At last, after all these years, we can finally lick Tricky Dick. The latest blotter making the rounds (shown left) is RMN 18.5. A close examination of the Sphinx head will reveal the familiar features of our 37th president. The high is supposedly intense, but some deleterious side effects have been reported. Users may suffer from delusions of grandeur, an incessant craving for Chinese food and a total loss of consciousness for eighteen and a half minutes. But after a sufficient period of rehabilitation, most RMNoids are once again up and running.



James Kusnir

High on the Vine

The fruity wine slipping through Catherine Deneuve's lush lips, delicately tipping over her tongue—that intoxicating elixir passes from your hand to her inviting *bouche*. Well, maybe, kind of. There is the possibility that if you harvest grapes for a fortnight in France's Beaujolais region, Ms. Deneuve might someday taste the fruits of your labor.

Each fall, starting in October, cultivators of French *vignobles* hire on teams of locals, transients and assorted internationals, male and female, to "Faire Les Vendanges." For a nine-hour workday stripping the vines, you receive \$25, free board, three feeds a day of good French country vittles (rabbit, fresh pork, garden veggies) and the *coup de grâce*—all the *vin* you can guzzle.

—James Kusnir



Requiem for a 38-D

Remember Miss Body Beautiful? (Her picture in our September 1980 issue generated more reader response than any other item in *HIGH TIMES* history.) Remember Leon Spinks? (He took the WBC Heavyweight title away from Ali in '78 and lost it back to him the same year.) Remember Mandingo?

CLOUD 9

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Price List

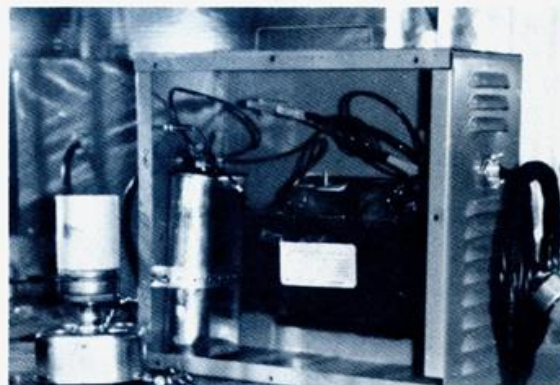
- ***SYSTEM A:** Sylvania M1000U metal halide lamp (110,000 lumens)
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your choice of hood \$198.99*
- SYSTEM C:** Sylvania or G.E. LU1000 H.P. Sodium lamp (140,000 lumens)
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*Phosphorus Coated Bulbs \$7.00 Additional

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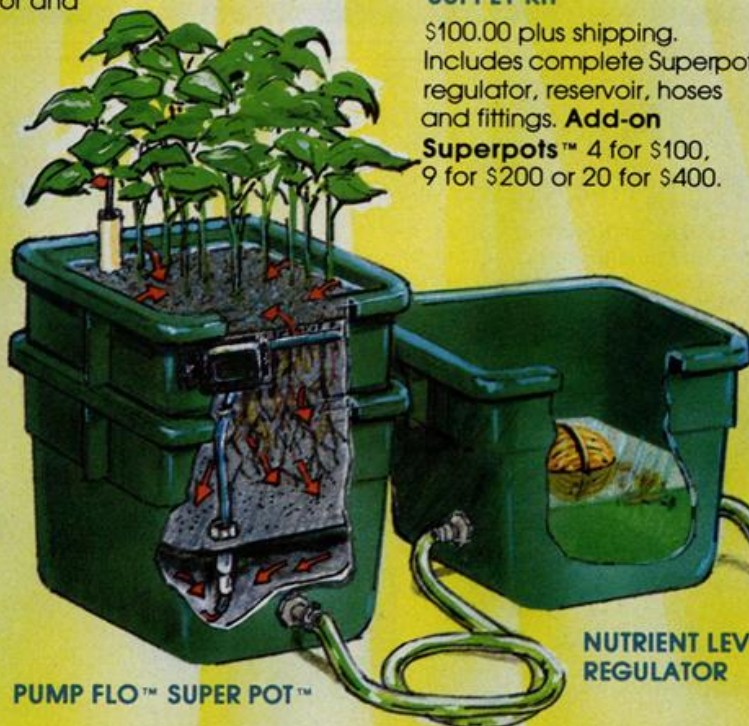
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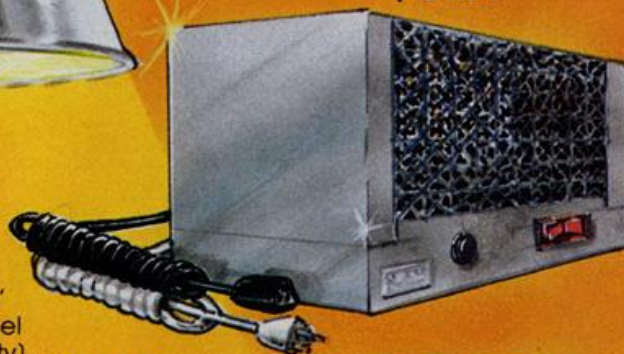


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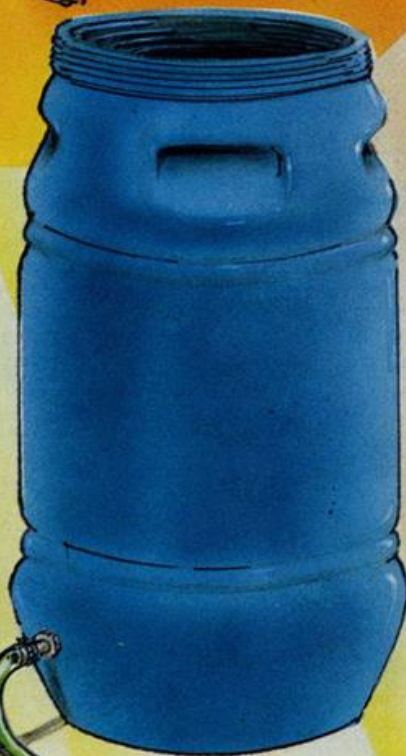
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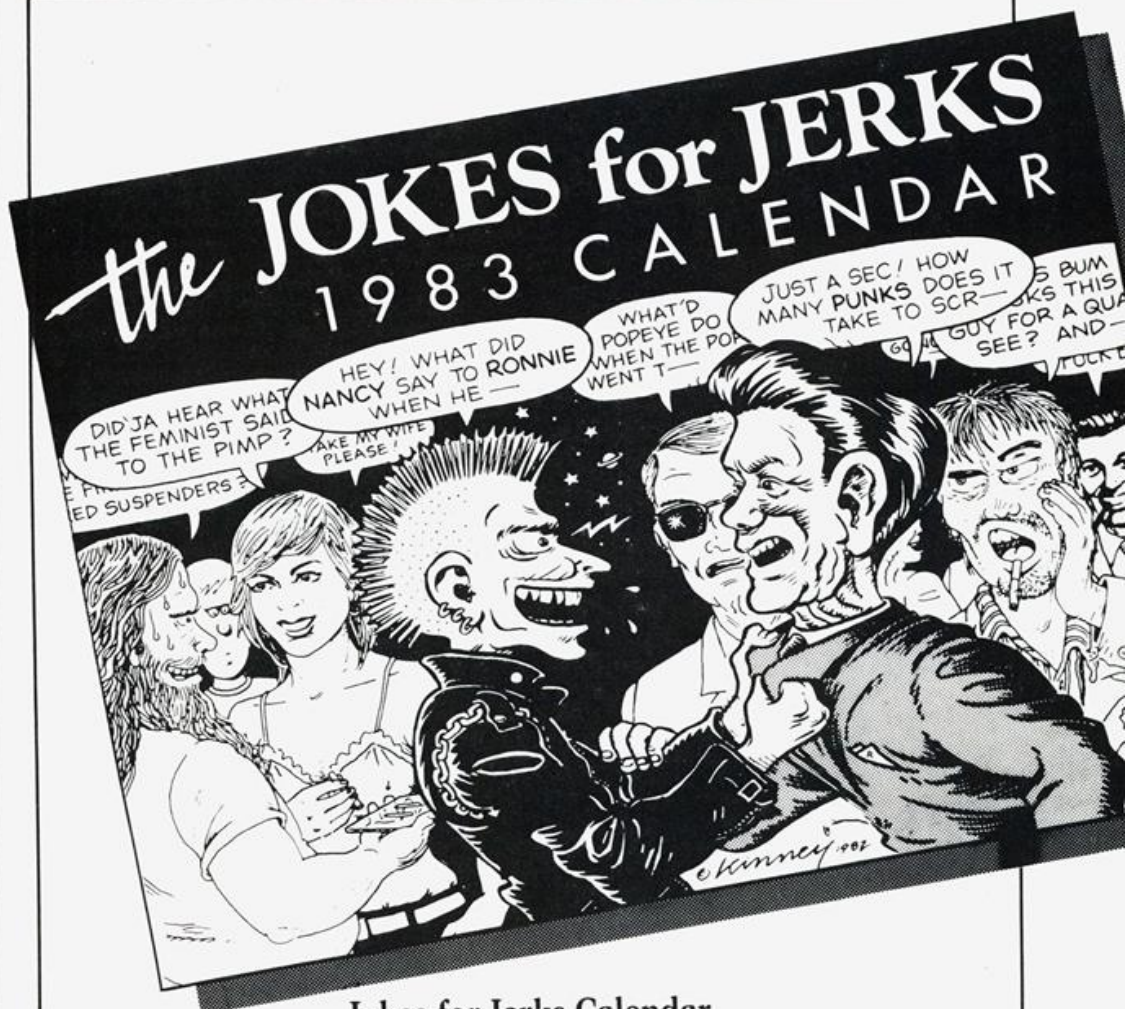
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FLASHES



Jokes for Jerks Calendar

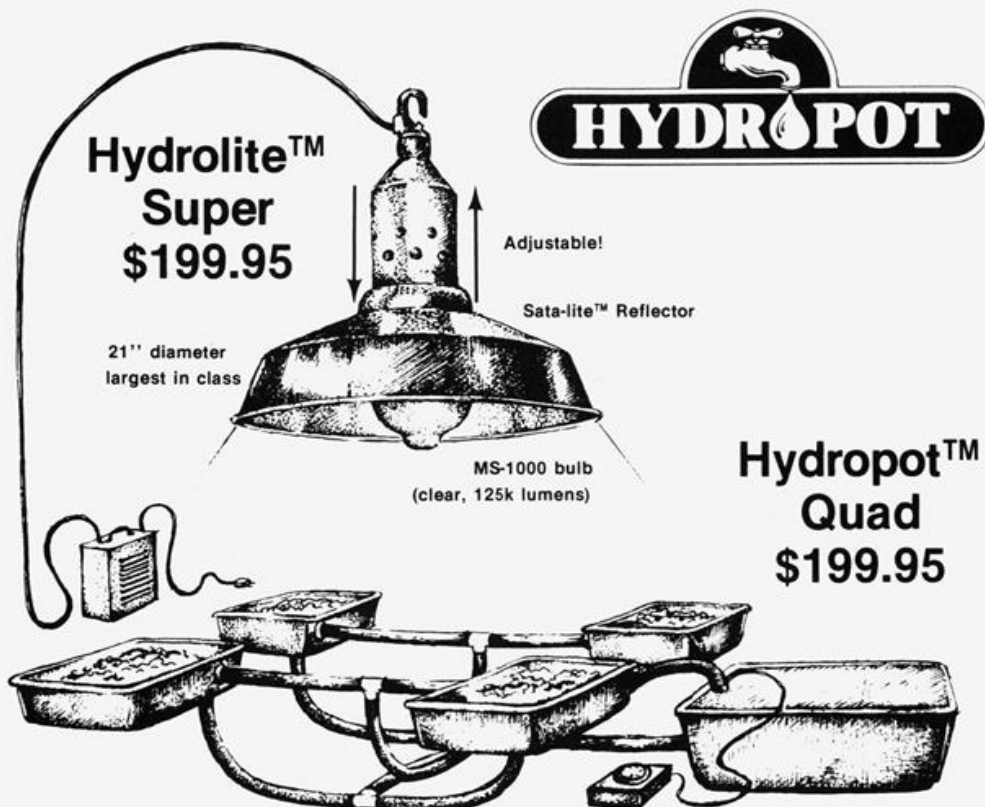
What has 90 toes, one black penis and two breasts? The Supreme Court.

What do you call an Iranian first offender? Lefty.

Did you hear about the Polish javelin team? They elected to receive.

Now, if you were among the cognoscenti who bought the Jokes for Jerks 1983 Calendar when it first came out, you could be winning friends and offending authority figures with these jokes and others of their ilk. The calendar features at least 20 jokes a month, viciously creative graphics and a thirteenth page called "Fantasy Month." All this for only \$4.95 from Last Gasp Publishing in San Francisco.

What do you call a person who buys a calendar in March? Our kinda dope.



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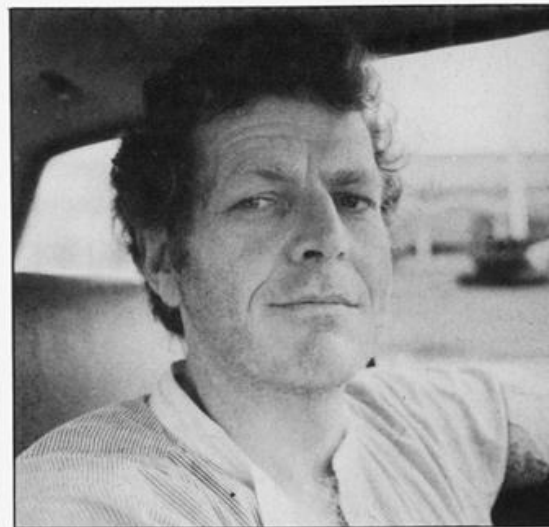
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David Blue, 1941-1982

David Blue, one of the fixtures of the Greenwich Village folk-rock scene in the '60s, died in New York in December. As a singer/songwriter, he produced eight albums. As an actor, he appeared in Wim Wenders's *American Friend* and as the narrator/historian in Bob Dylan's *Renaldo and Clara*. As a gadfly, he influenced some of the most successful artists of his time. He died at 41 of a heart attack while jogging, ironically enough, around Washington Square Park. At his funeral the elegy was delivered by his fellow songwriter/poet Leonard Cohen. It speaks volumes about David and about us.

He died running, he fell beside the square, to the street where, many years before he had begun to sing, he fell in the fullest expression of vanity and discipline. Many of us, in our songs, had touched on the type of man that he became. Dylan raised up such a ragged hero many times before he turned to solace in the shadow of American Christianity. Joni Mitchell had spoken simply of that constant ambiguous lover, spoken of him over and over, before she entered the beautiful technology of jazz and virtuosity. Kris Kristofferson had described that gambler playing his way from Nashville to Hollywood, where finally the dangers of the game were too coarse for poetry. David

Blue was the peer of any singer in this country, and he knew it, and he coveted their audiences and their power, he claimed them as his rightful due. And when he could not have them, his disappointment became so dazzling, his greed assumed such purity, his appetite such honesty, and he stretched his arms so wide, that we were all able to recognize ourselves, and we fell in love with him. And as we grew older, as something in the public realm corrupted itself into irrelevance, the integrity of his ambition, the integrity of his failure, became, for those who knew him, increasingly important and appealing, and he moved swiftly, with effortless intimacy, into the private life of anyone who recognized him, and our private lives became for him the theaters that no one would book for him, and he sang for us in hotel rooms and kitchens, and he became that poet and that gambler, and he established a defiant style to revive those soiled archetypes. In the last few years, something happened to his voice and his guitar, something very deep and sweet entered, his timing became immaculate and we knew that we were listening to one of the finest, one of the few men singing in America and I was happy then and perhaps happier now to say that I told him that. He did not put away his cowboy boots. He did not take a part-time job; he was fully employed in his defiance and his originality, and his faithfulness to a ground, a style, an image of which he himself was the last and best champion exponent, a style that many of us had wanted, courted, and had not won. And finally, toward the end of his short and graceful life, he had the grace to recognize the woman to whom he had always been singing, and he courted and married Nesya and because a woman of talent and beauty does not choose lightly, she made manifest for all to plainly see the qualities of love and generosity that he had forced out of his distress.

The death of such a man unifies us, and recalls to us how precious we are to one another. —Leonard Cohen



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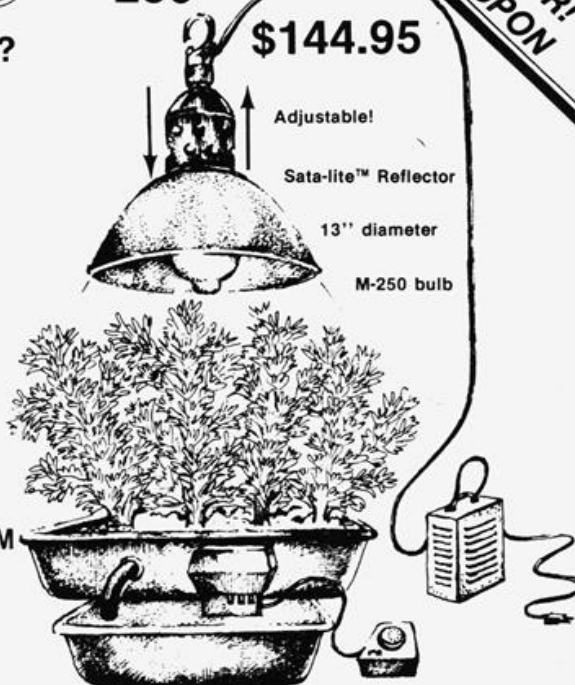


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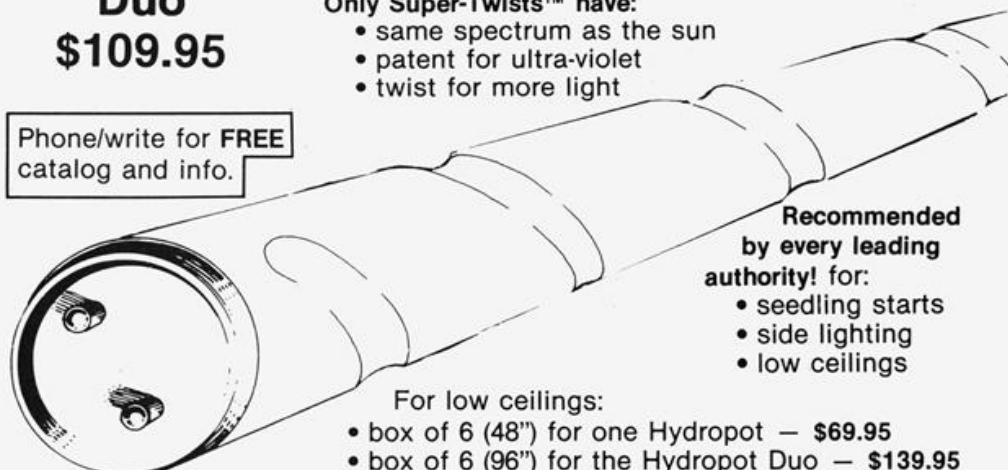
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FLASHES

Cracking a Smile

Here are three quick takes from the ass-backwards world of P.C. Parker's *Tushy: Not Just Another Pretty Face*, published by Crabwalk Inc. of New York City.



King Herod's Lust

by Robert Anton Wilson

Wilde, like a stallion, loved a boy
and counted the rosary of prison years
repenting every werewolf kiss
middle-aged need had bestowed on youth
in a city of loneliness Edgar Poe
starved his soul till his skin bleached
white

William Hierens wrote in lipstick on
a wall
the secret language of our century
and a little girl's body chopped in four
he left behind for tabloids and the priests

the perverse poet in the London fog
Jack wrote in blood six odes to love
the infant Hitler was deprived of love
and, through processes that a Jew named
Freud
has taught us all to understand,
six million people later died

Ravechal, who threw bombs in
restaurants,
said, "There are no innocent bourgeoisie."
and not until the blade of time
can shave selfishness from the poor self's
need
will the need for love be a loving thing
and the naked flesh not a naked cage

The above is from HIGH TIMES contributing editor Robert Anton Wilson's latest tome, *Right Where You Are Sitting Now*, which features further explorations of neuropsychology, Illuminati-inspired conspiracy theory, semantic shuffleboard and the Jumping Jesus phenomenon. It's available from And/Or Press and it's guaranteed to make your DNA quiver. □

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**PRES, SMITH
LAY EGGS
IN BOLIVIA
AND PAKISTAN**



Demonstrators battled riot police at the National University in Bogotá, Colombia, as President Reagan was hearing hard words from Pres. Belisario Betancúr.

by Charles Winston-Levy

WASHINGTON, D. C. **T**HE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION IS learning the hard way that moralistic, antidrug platitudes, that might wear well in right-wing political circles, just don't fly in Bogotá or Landi Kotel. When Pres. Ronald Reagan and Atty. Gen. William French Smith toured foreign cities in November and December, largely to convince smaller countries to toe the U.S. line on drug enforcement, they were force-fed a dose of harsh reality.

Smith's 22-day jaunt took him to Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Pakistan, Italy and France. It was in Pakistan that he faced his baptism by fire. There, in the mountain village

of Landi Kotel, thrives one of the most ebullient dope markets in the world. Multikilo bundles of hashish, opium and, some say, freshly refined heroin change hands over the counter, and nobody complains—mainly because the hardy mountain dope merchants carry knives and guns of every description and know well how to use them. Undaunted—or perhaps insufficiently forewarned—Smith actually arranged to tour this exotic bazaar. Surrounded by a phalanx of Pakistani troops and FBI guards, he ascended the legendary Khyber Pass linking Pakistan with Afghanistan. As the Pakistani regulars fanned out over rooftops and through the market lanes of Landi Kotel, along his / *continued on page 22*



PARAQUAT PLOT

STORY ON PAGE 23

NARCS NET TUNA ON ISLE OF ARUBA

MIAMI, FLORIDA
CARL JERRY LONDON, former mayor of Clarkesville, Georgia, and a fugitive for more than two years, has been arrested and returned to prison in the United States. London was among those indicted in 1979 in the Drug Enforcement Administration's show-trial extravaganza that brought down the ring of bungling pot movers known as the Black Tunas (see "The Gang That Couldn't Deal Straight," *HIGH TIMES*, Sept. '81). He fled the country during a break in the trial proceedings and had been hotly pursued by federal

drug agents ever since.

According to DEA spokespersons, London had been living on a friend's yacht off the island of Aruba, a protectorate of the Netherlands located near the coast of Venezuela, a mere hundred miles or so from the pot-rich Guajira peninsula of Colombia. Aruba police, apparently complying with a DEA plan, detained London in late November for carrying false identification. He was then hastily expelled from the island and placed on a flight to Miami. Agents aboard the plane arrested him en route to

/ continued on page 22

POLICE NAB 600 SCHOOL DEALERS

NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK CITY ROOKIE narcs put on their sneakers and varsity jackets to infiltrate nearly 200 city schools last winter, and discovered that, in some schools, pushers seemed nearly to outnumber students. Over 600 people were busted in 178 schools over three weeks—an average of 33 dope busts per day—but only 35 of the bustees were students!

While the kiddie narcs hung out mainly at out-of-school teen hangouts, they discovered that the halls of even such venerated city institutions as

Pace Junior College and Washington Irving High School were positively pestiferous with creeps pushing dope onto teenagers. It was called "Operation 3 R's"; and the action simply did not let up for the whole three weeks it lasted. The rate of busts was steady throughout the whole caper, from Montauk Junior High in South Brooklyn to Jane Adams High in the Bronx. No matter how many dope peddlers the cops managed to haul off, there was no shortage of others to take their place immediately, to be hauled off in turn. **HT**

BUMBLING COUNTY COP RAIDS OKRA PATCH

94 FOUR-FOOT PLANTS CAPTURED IN NIGHT RAID

GRANITE CITY, ILLINOIS

IT WAS NIGHTTIME. IT WAS DARK. Besides, okra "resembles marijuana somewhat," Capt. Robert Astorian said, trying to explain why a local officer on the late shift here had ripped up all of the elderly Mrs. Murphy's okra plants and seized them as contraband. The myopic cop was never identified by name, but he did most certainly endure his share of professional embarrassment. His superiors kept the 94 confiscated plants around the cop shop for days after the "raid," just to make sure the patrolman in question got his fair share of "compliments" from his peers on the force.

The debacle began when the dispatcher at the Granite City Police Department received a call from a public-spirited citizen, complaining about a marijuana patch behind his apartment building. The officer arrived, confirmed the vigilante's suspicions, and, without any sort of warrant, methodically tore up every healthy, four-foot okra plant in Ida Murphy's vegetable garden.

"It's embarrassing," Astorian admitted later to the press. "Of course the lady was upset. I called her up and apologized and told her to contact our city attorney about damages." **HT**



**Cannabis
Sativa**



Okra

HIGH-TECH SPYING GIVEN COURT SHIELD

PROBABLE CAUSE FOR DOPE SEARCHES DEEMED 'NATIONAL SECURITY SECRET'

by Julio Restrepo

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
THE EMPLOYMENT OF ULTRASensitive military technology in Vice-President Bush's Caribbean "drug war" extravaganza has opened some interesting new legal quandaries. Last winter, for example, a squad of eight Coast Guard swabs, being carried about the Gulf on the famous aircraft carrier *Nimitz*, were abruptly helicoptered onto the Navy guided-missile frigate *Mississippi*. The *Mississippi* later overhauled a tiny 110-foot shrimper, a hundred miles north of Colombia, laden with 30 tons of *fume*. Though the U.S. military had clearly done all the work of spotting and tracking the shrimper, it was necessary for the Coasties to be schlepped around to make the actual seizure, since only the U.S. Coast Guard Service is empowered to carry out such activities.

Once the case got to court, defense lawyers raised a very ticklish point of law: What "probable cause" did the U.S. Coast Guard Service have, exactly, to stop said vessel, board it, locate and seize the contraband, and bust the crew?

The fact is, federal court magistrate Raymond Pettine has declared here, no one can say how "probable cause" was established in this case—for fear of compromising U.S. national security.

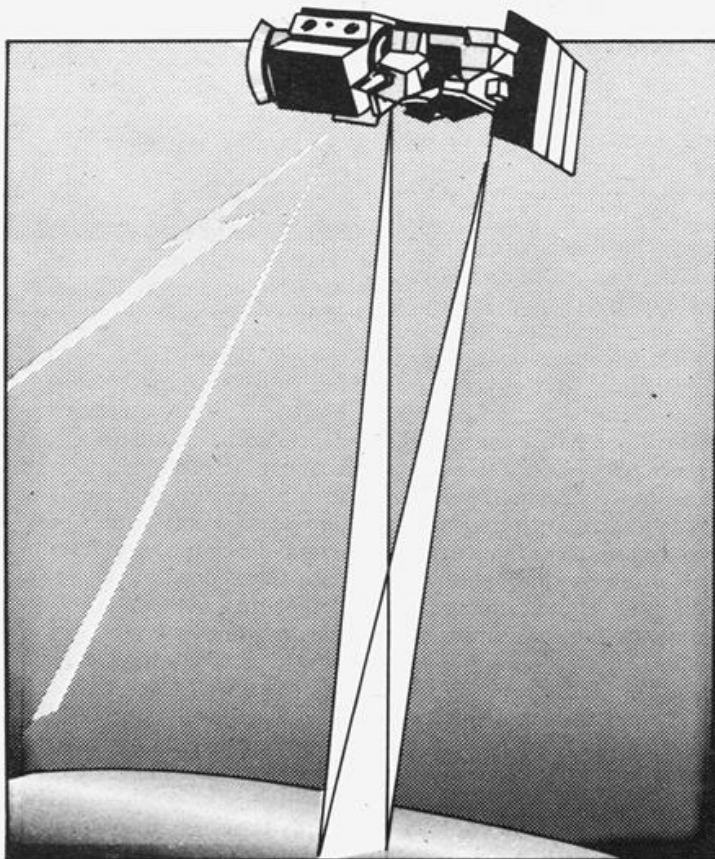
It could have happened in any number of improbable ways. Since the recent revocation of the 100-year-old tradition of posse comitatus, which formerly kept the U.S. Armed Services out of civilian law enforcement, a vast and grotesque arsenal of military spook gear has been employed in the "drug war." Military satellites, whose very existence is classified—let alone the extent of their powers of observation—are

said to be tracking suspicious-looking ships that leave notorious Colombian *marimba* ports like Riohacha. There are rumors that the army's sky-spies can actually zoom in on dope-hauling operations on Colombian docks and rivers, and then systematically track the loaded vessels all up and down the east and west coasts of the United States.

The famous E-2C Hawkeye, the Grumman high-altitude spy plane with an AWACS-style radar dish on its back, is also much in use. Hawkeyes, crammed with ultrasecret snoop gear, can supposedly keep track of floating bales from 30,000 feet overhead; but exactly *how* they do so is a classified secret at the Department of Defense.

After a bust, though, when the defendants are in the dock, their attorneys are entitled to ask *how* the government had any reason to believe, exactly, that there was so much as a seed or stem of dope on their vessel. When the lawyers for that aforementioned shrimper's crew asked this last winter, the Justice Department took the extraordinary step of asking to be allowed to keep the information secret, for national security considerations. Judge Pettine refused, ordering them to disclose their probable-cause grounds for search and seizure, just as they would have to do in any other case. After further consultation, though—during which, presumably, Pettine was advised of the extraordinary military sensitivity of the matter—he reversed himself, and said the prosecution could keep the details secret.

The revocation of posse comitatus, in other words, is bound to have some extremely far-reaching ramifications on due process of law in America. **HT**



Can military satellites smoke out reefer?

JoAnn Case

GIANT POT PLANTS SEIZED ON COAST

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES who made the seizure were almost as proud as if they'd grown the plants themselves. The *Cannabis sativa* in question stood a full 25 feet tall, reaching clear to the glass panes at the top of the lofty greenhouse. Investigating officers swore the trunks measured 14 inches (diameter or circumference not specified), and that branches extended up to seven feet from the base, with each plant yielding a full three pounds of prime sinsemilla buds.

The narcs announced their find after raiding a secluded farm in the redwood forests near Bonny Doon. Comparing the gargantuan "grass" to the giant trees native to the region, Sgt. Carl Kuebler of the Santa Cruz Sheriff's Department quipped, "You've heard of *Sequoia sempervirens*? Well, we've got something else: *Sequoia sempervirens*." **HT**

Nine accused growers were also snatched in the sweep, along with 203 pounds of cured sinse ready for market. (Sorry, no photographs available.) **HT**

GOVERNMENT DOPE TOURS FIZZLE OUT

/ continued from page 19

intended route, Smith prepared for a descent into the very entrails of the international dope underworld.

Retreat in Pakistan

It must have been a memorable sight: America's top law-enforcement officer dressed in, say, diplomatic pinstripes under a conservative blue overcoat, stepping gingerly onto the cobblestones of this ancient and secluded hamlet, while the local population and itinerant smugglers looked on with sagacious contempt. It is unlikely that anyone from the distant civilizations of the West had ever arrived there with such a display of raw power. The natives must have seen Smith and his entourage as the advance guard of some incomprehensible disaster. Hands presumably reached beneath homespun robes to cradle dagger hilts and pistol butts.

"They were not smiling," one member of Smith's party later told a reporter.

In the end, the Pakistani officers in charge confessed that they could not *completely guarantee* Mr. Smith's safety if he entered the byways of the bazaar; and after a few brief steps and a furtive glance this way and that, the attorney general of the United States hustled back to his waiting car. The entire armed caravan then beat a hasty retreat back down the Khyber Pass.

Upon his return, Smith talked about his trip with the *Washington Post*, and his remarks were tempered by experience: "You get the impression that all you need to do is get a battalion, march into the hills and start pulling up poppies, but it's not that easy," he said, adding that many of the opium poppy-growing areas of the world were "inaccessible and ungovernable."

The Thai government had acquainted Smith with other complexities that arise in the pursuit of dope control. He noted that the rulers in Bangkok don't "want to so alienate



Atty. Gen. William French Smith consumed the psychoactive drug alcohol with Italy's Chief of Police Giovanni Rinaldo Coronas and an unidentified interpreter.

the hill tribes that they will fall into the hands of insurgents... These people for centuries have had an opium culture" Smith explained (making a point that could be a revelation only to an American politician). "And to educate these people... to grow something other than poppies requires a great deal of effort." Smith added that, in his talks with Thai officials, he "discussed" persuading poppy growers to shift to cultivation of another drug crop—coffee—but nowhere did he imply that this program was an imminent possibility.

Hard put to cite any concrete results of his international drug-enforcement trip, he noted that negotiations had begun for an exchange of intelligence with Japan on the activities of the Yakuza, the major Japanese criminal organization. The Yakuza is believed to be expanding its operations into Hawaii and the West Coast, but is not considered a major supplier of drugs to this country. "We want to jump on that one before they provide yet another network for drugs into the United States," said Smith.

Most of the accomplishments of taking his entourage around the world—which cost millions of American tax dollars—Smith described as initiations of discussions toward agreements that may or may not be concluded in the future. He did sign a prisoner exchange treaty with Thailand, and a mutual assistance pact

with Italy that will allow low- and middle-level drug investigators to exchange information—mainly about the Sicilian heroin connection—without going through the chain of command.

Perhaps the most metaphorically revealing moment of Smith's trip occurred when he visited a far northern province of Pakistan. There, at a ceremony in which tribal leaders presented him with two sheep, so many flower garlands were placed around the attorney general's neck that he could no longer see over them.

If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Bolivia

By the time President Reagan reached Colombia on his whirlwind tour of Latin America, he had committed one significant faux pas. On his stopover in Brazil, meaning to toast his hosts, he raised his glass "to the people of Bolivia." Realizing he'd made a mistake, the president did a vintage Three Stooges spit-take and tried to cover his tracks by explaining, "That's where I'm going tomorrow." Only trouble was, Bolivia wasn't even on his itinerary; his next destination was actually Bogotá, Colombia. This was not, perhaps, a major diplomatic blunder, but it's just the sort of thing that offends all Latin Americans, since it's so indicative of *Yanqui* ignorance about their part of the hemisphere.

It may even have contrib-

/ continued on page 27

DEA NETS TUNA

/ continued from page 20
the United States.

The DEA had botched two previous opportunities to slap London in irons. Since his flight to avoid prosecution, he had been jailed twice in the Caribbean: once in the Bahamas and once previously in Aruba. On both occasions, federal agents arrived too late to take him into custody.

However, federal authorities claim extensive knowledge of London's activities as a fugitive. According to DEA agent Brent Eaton, "He's been responsible for millions of Quaaludes coming into Georgia and South Florida. As well, he's been arranging mother-ship loads of marijuana and airplanes of marijuana out of Santa Marta."

London's name came up recently in connection with 567 pounds of cocaine found haphazardly strewn over hundreds of acres of Gilmer County, Georgia (see *Highwitness News*, Jan. '83). In that instance, Georgia Bureau of Investigation director Phil Peters said the plane suspected of having jettisoned the massive load of blow had been traced, somehow, to London.

Despite all the various accusations of authorities, it is unlikely that London will be charged for additional drug crimes allegedly committed since he jumped bail. He was convicted on five smuggling and conspiracy charges in the Tuna trial, and on February 4, 1980, was sentenced *in absentia* to 40 years. (That wasn't the worst of it: The crowned kingpins of Black Tuna, Bobby Platshorn and Robby Meister, drew 64 and 53 years respectively.) London now must begin serving that sentence. Further prosecution would seem a frivolous expenditure of effort. **HT**

STATE DEPT. Rx FOR WESTERN WORLD:

PARAQUAT

NARCO-IMPERIALISM AT ITS SICKEST

by Dean Latimer

NEW YORK CITY
PARAQUAT, THE WORLD'S BEST HERB killer, manufactured by the Chevron company of the United States, is back in the news again. Five years ago, rumors that Mexican marijuana sprayed with paraquat was seeping into the U.S. weed market (rumors subsequently disproven by the Atlanta Center for Disease Control) were sufficient to cause a year-long media panic, and prompted Congress to put a ban on all U.S.-assisted paraquat spraying in foreign countries. As soon as the paraquat ban was lifted by Congress last year, the State Department ambitiously proposed a wholesale paraquat blitz, which, for the mere sum of \$19 million, would eradicate every single foreign pot bush in the entire Western Hemisphere—within "a hundred and twenty-one days," promised the proposal's hired authors, the Mitre Corporation of McLean, Virginia. "Cannabis Eradication in Foreign Western Nations" is the full name of the Mitre paraquat report, available free from the U.S. Department of State.

Though this \$19-million, 121-day paraquat project will certainly have been comprehensively revised, or rejected, or simply forgotten by the time this article sees print, it will assuredly be cited for years to come by persons posturing as "antidrug" advocates, for a broad variety of political purposes. When governments in South American and Caribbean countries refuse to go along with U.S. State's paraquat project, they will inevitably be accused by U.S. politicians of rejecting a perfectly well-reasoned, "scientific" pot-eradication program, in favor of illicit drug profiteering. And U.S. right-wing single-interest "antidrug" political groups, such as the National Federation for Drug-Free Youth, Inc., will cite selected portions of this Mitre report to lobby for paraquat spraying of domestic marijuana crops, on the grounds that paraquat is actually less



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toxic (according to their version of this report) than marijuana itself.

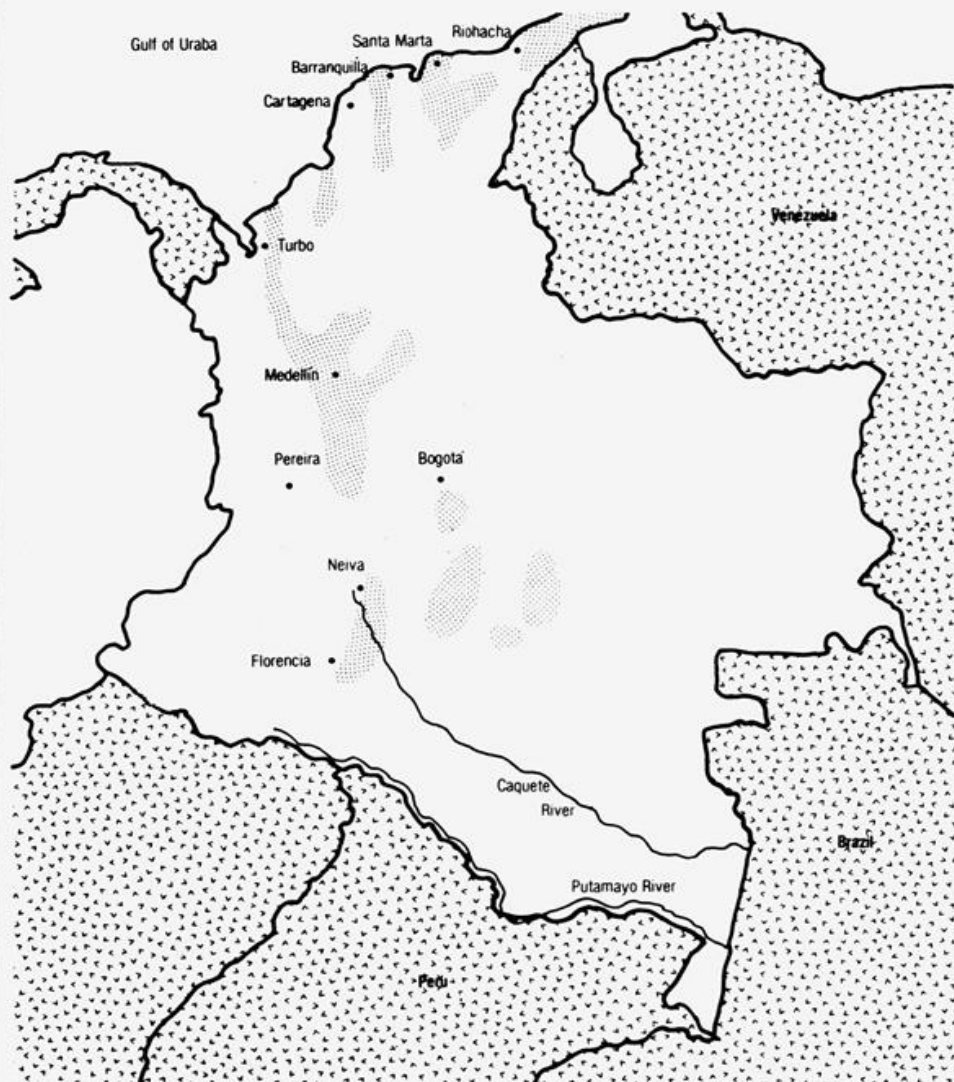
The Joys of Paraquat

The paraquat proposal itself sets a permanent standard for duplicity and absurdity, even in the realm of narcotics-eradication fantasies. The drafters are the "Metrek Division" of the Mitre Corporation, of 1820 Dolley Madison Blvd., McLean, Virginia 22102. Mitre is a notorious government-supported think tank that subsists by taking up impossible projects like this paraquat scheme, and—in exchange for a goodly sum of tax dollars—writing them up in a way that sounds feasible, by hook or by crook. The eight authors of this report, including three

Ph.D.'s (a biologist from the University of Delaware, a mathematician from Texas Tech and an anatomist from Virginia Medical College) are all listed in the report with their curricula vitae. Anyone who might ever be interested in hiring a good, slick hack-writer for scientific-type reports could do much worse than to carefully inspect their work here—and the response to it, in its ultimate draft, from the U.S. Public Health Service.

The proposal itself—to literally paraquat every un-American pot bush in the Western Hemisphere, from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, within 121 days, for \$19 million—may sound unfeasible to a sane person, but then, this is *not* a feasibility study. It's an "environmental impact statement" (EIS) that assumes to begin with that the job could be done, if the specific nations of Mexico, Colombia and Jamaica would only accept \$19 million in "narcotics" aid from the United States, and chip in some unspecified larger sum of their own revenues toward the hire-purchase of U.S. helicopters, spraying gear, paraquat, pilot trainers and so on. The proposal is plentifully illustrated with maps of these three specific nations, with extensive shaded-in "marihuana cultivation zones," their locations supplied by DEA informants, CIA satellite photos and other more or less excellent sources.

The proposal, in the original Mitre draft, is simply to gain permission from the governments of these nations to carpet all these presumptive weed-growing zones with paraquat sprayed from helicopters buzzing overhead. This would inevitably, the Mitre scribes concede, pose a certain potential health threat to persons dwelling in and far downwind of the alleged dope-cultivation areas. In Jamaica, for example, where nearly a third of the property appears to be under ganja cultivation (according to the Mitre map), the dope is known to be grown right alongside every



Source: Beeks 1982a (U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration)

MAJOR MARIHUANA PRODUCTION AREAS IN COLOMBIA ACCORDING TO THE U.S. DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION

sort of edible food crop from avocados through cocoa, coffee, lettuce, peppers, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, watermelons and yams (many grown for export to the United States, though most are consumed locally). While paraquat will not kill these edible fruits and vegetables, it *will* cling tenaciously to their outer surfaces. Unless each contaminated plant is thoroughly hand-washed in warm soapy water before going to market, consumers are certain to ingest a good dose of paraquat while eating it; and paraquat is so violently toxic to humans that a single mouthful, taken in by accident and then spat out, is virtually certain to cause death, after days of acute discomfort progressing into agony. Mitre's own rundown on paraquat toxicity in humans, being mercifully brisk and brief, is worth reprinting *in toto*:

"Paraquat is toxic to mammals including humans. It is a corrosive agent and, thus, causes irritation at the site of entry into the body. Following absorption and translocation via the bloodstream, para-

quat damages many tissues, including lung, kidney, liver, adrenal cortex, central nervous system, skeletal muscle and spleen. The effects on these tissues is visible with the exception of the lungs. Damage to the lungs is the critical issue in paraquat toxicity because paraquat is concentrated in the lungs after absorption into the body. The pulmonary damage appears to be dose-related and consists primarily of pulmonary edema and hemorrhage leading to pulmonary fibrosis, which may be fatal." Amazingly, humans have been known to survive all this, on rare occasions.

In comparison with other herbicides like 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T ("Agent Orange," when combined), paraquat is actually relatively *benign* in terms of human toxicity! However, as the Mitre draft points out on a chart, paraquat's wind-drift properties with aerial spraying are extensive, and besides contaminating foodstuffs it collects in both standing and running water. For persons with the misfortune to

live in Jamaica, Colombia or Mexico, the aerial paraquat spraying proposed by U.S. State would *appear* to pose a positively bloodcurdling environmental hazard. Nevertheless, *those* environments are nowhere considered in this environmental-impact statement prepared for the U.S. State Department.

It's for Our Own Good

As described in one sentence, the "environment" under consideration here is strictly this: "the marihuana-consuming population [of the United States] and the marihuana which they use, the economic characteristics of the marihuana trade, and the social implications of marihuana on crime, the criminal justice system and the total U.S. population." The inadvertent poisoning of possibly tens of thousands of Jamaican, Colombian and Mexican citizens by paraquat is simply not at issue in this EIS from the Mitre Corporation. They are not in the "environment" under consideration; Americans are the environment, *solamente Norteamericanos*: Yankee pot freaks.

The Mitre authors dwell on the "health hazards" that marijuana may pose to U.S. potheads well past the point of reasonable repetition. All their statements on the subject are lifted, virtually verbatim, from the National Academy of Sciences' 1982 *Marijuana and Health* report: "The evidence to date indicates that marihuana has a broad range of psychological and biological effects, some of which have been identified as harmful to human health . . . The purpose of the proposed program is to reduce these adverse effects to the marihuana-using population by reducing the marihuana supply."

Every single one of these possible "adverse effects" listed in this Mitre report may be found in the December 1982 issue of *HIGH TIMES* ("What Every Parent Should Know about Marijuana"), in the reprint of the official NAS summary of *Marijuana and Health*. When the governments of Jamaica, Colombia and Mexico compare these "hazards"—most of which are *speculative*—with the demonstrated and graphic effects of paraquat toxicity, they may not unreasonably decline the invitation of U.S. State to poison their own people—even if it might serve the higher interest of preserving American potsmokers from the hazard, for instance, of "a modest and reversible reduction in sperm count and sperm motility" during the two-hour period of acute pot intoxication in adult *Norteamericano* males.

As for the effects of marijuana on crime in the United States, the Mitre authors cite nothing that would not be solved in an instant by a policy of licensed, controlled sale of weed to adults (an option the report calls "legalization," and dismisses out of hand, on the simple ground

that the stuff *already* is illegal). A great deal of very interesting and educative discussion revolves around the way top-level marijuana smugglers conduct the industry without getting caught, and several extremely helpful directions for successful international money-laundering are outlined in fascinating detail. And that, in a nutshell, is the "environment" under consideration in this EIS.

The Old Double-Draft Ploy

This State Department paraquat proposal was presented in two drafts, dated August and November 1982. The preliminary draft consists of the Mitre authors' bald-faced proposal to paraquat the whole Western Hemisphere, for the good of the health of U.S. "marihuana" consumers. The finished draft consists of the same proposal, with comments appended from various interested parties: NORML, the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth, the Department of Defense (which said it was all ridiculous) and—most notably—the U.S. Public Health Service, the parent body of HSS, the FDA and so on.

Of all the commentaries, the inclusion from the Public Health Service was by far the most important. After pledging its own advocacy, in principle, of marijuana-eradication programs, the PHS promptly went on to expose the duplicity (and simple brutality) of the Mitre proposal, and to make it clear that the paraquat program, as described, would *not* meet the approval of the U.S. Public Health Service.

In the matter of duplicity, even a minimally educated lay reader could have caught the Mitre authors' endeavor to minimize the apparent toxicity of paraquat when inhaled repeatedly in small amounts, as in paraquat-contaminated pot joints. A single study on rats was cited, conducted by Imperial Chemical Industries, in which the animals were compelled to inhale small whiffs of paraquat every couple of days for three weeks. The point of the study was to establish the "No Observable Effect Level" (NOEL): the maximum dose of paraquat that could be inhaled by rats without producing *any* observable effects in them. The Mitre authors, working from the established NOEL level in rats, converted it (by an algebraic process that was subsequently trashed by the PHS reviewers) into what they suddenly called the "No Observable Lung Fibrosis Level" in humans. And they concluded, as they were paid to conclude, that smokers of paraquat-tainted marijuana would very likely *not*, in the best of all possible worlds, get seriously hurt by it: "It is likely that even heavy users would not exceed the No Observable Lung Fibrosis Level, and casual users certainly would not do so." / *continued on next page*



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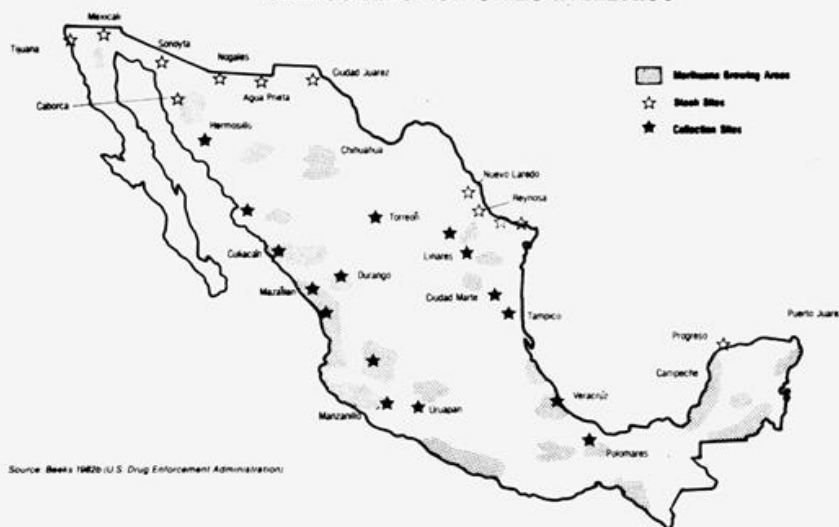
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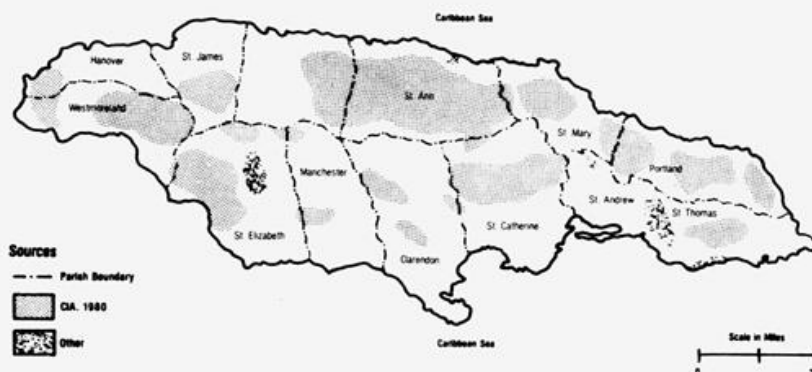


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MARIHUANA PRODUCTION AREAS, STASH SITES AND COLLECTION SITES IN MEXICO



AREAS OF KNOWN OR POTENTIAL MARIHUANA CULTIVATION IN JAMAICA



INTERNATIONAL NARCOTICS CONTROL PROGRAM EXPENDITURES IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, 1972 THROUGH 1981 (IN THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS)

COUNTRY	FY 1972-1978	FY 1979	FY 1980	FY 1981	TOTAL 1972-1981
Latin America					
Regional*	868	25	70	231	1,194
Argentina	451	—	—	—	451
Bolivia	6,498	3,195	217	200	10,110
Brazil	866	—	—	200	1,066
Chile	113	—	—	—	113
Colombia	8,522	3,853	16,000	3,765	32,140
Costa Rica	99	—	—	50	149
Ecuador	2,425	502	387	330	3,644
Honduras	—	108	11	—	119
Jamaica	1,105	—	—	—	1,105
Mexico	68,514	10,888	6,843	9,294	95,539
Panama	97	77	7	—	181
Paraguay	89	96	—	12	197
Peru	1,605	1,273	1,580	3,014	7,472
Uruguay	88	—	—	—	88
Venezuela	167	—	—	—	167
TOTAL	91,525	20,017	25,115	17,096	153,780

SOURCE: U.S. Department of State 1982a.

* Funding for Nations without individual programs.

Of course, the PHS reviewers caught the sudden switch from *No Effect Level* to *No Lung Fibrosis Level*. And in their commentary, the PHS reviewers pointed out that while those Imperial Chemical test rats did not indeed show any notable fibrosis after repeated exposure to low-level doses of aerosol paraquat, they *did* show a good deal of "squamous metaplasia" all through their respiratory tracts. "This study should not be used," PHS flatly declared, "to calculate the safe inhalation dose of paraquat in humans." In their final draft, the Mitre people rather forcibly point out that while metaplasia *does* frequently develop into cancer, it doesn't *invariably* do so.

Finally, the U.S. Public Health Service officially calculated that at least two years of basic animal tests with paraquat will still have to be done before any remotely realistic assessment of its toxicity, when inhaled by humans, can be mounted. Then the PHS went even further and asked, out of common human decency: "How will the on-site monitors [at the paraquat-spraying sites in foreign lands] prevent the consumption of contaminated food?" Mitre's final draft responds vaguely that this awkward problem *may* be handled on a "country-by-country" basis.

This is known as the old Double-Draft Dodge: The initial August draft says U.S. State's paraquat program is not merely feasible, but actually healthful, at least to U.S. potheads. The final November draft shows it not only to be patently impossible (according to the U.S. Department of Defense), but ill-conceived and outrightly dishonest (*vide* the U.S. Public Health Service). Should any foreign nation—Colombia, Jamaica, Mexico—refuse to go along with the paraquat proposal, they can be accused by North American politicians of repudiating a perfectly feasible and healthful narcotics-eradication proposal, on the basis of the August draft. And the charge will make sense to everyone who is ignorant of the final November draft.

The Mitre proposal—at least the preliminary August draft—will also be helpful to political activists such as the National Federation for Drug-Free Youth. Sources inside the organization assure

This chart (left) appeared in an appendix to the Mitre Corporation's eradication report. Note that, in the year 1980, the government of Colombia suddenly received nearly twice as many narcodollars as in the previous six years combined—but do you remember anyone going without Colombian in 1980? The Bolivian government was given \$217,000 the year it was taken over by a clique closely linked to international narcotics gangsters, and got another \$200,000 the next year—nearly half a million to the generals who were personally making millions from the toot trade. Mexico has hauled in almost \$100 million since 1972.

HIGH TIMES that the California phalange of the federation, spearheaded by Ms. Carla Lowe, intends to lobby strenuously for a full-out paraquat blitzkrieg in the northern counties this autumn, citing the Mitre "scientific study" to try to convince the Sacramento legislators that paraquat-tainted pot is probably *less* poisonous than plain old marijuana.

At worst, observers speculate, Mexico may be arm-twisted by U.S. State into reinitiating a new paraquat project in the Sierras, no matter whether the *campesinos* are poisoned again, simply because the nation is wholly bankrupt now and desperately needs U.S. assistance. If that assistance is made conditional on a homicidal paraquat project, the Mexicans may give in and crank up the 'quat-spraying Cobras once again. And then the U.S. media will have a wonderful year-long paraquat scare to play with again, courtesy of U.S. State and the Mitre Corporation of McLean, Virginia. **HT**

REAGAN BOMBS IN COLOMBIA

/continued from page 22

uted to the relatively cold shoulder Reagan received when he arrived in Bogotá to talk turkey with Pres. Belisario Betancur. Reagan's visit to Colombia was only five hours long, and was certainly not intended to resolve any outstanding inter-American disputes, but administration officials had widely implied that Reagan would lean heavily on Betancur to cut down on the massive export of marijuana and cocaine to the United States. As it turned out, Betancur did most of the leaning.

In the context of a luncheon toast, the Colombian president came down on the United States for reducing its contributions to the International Monetary Fund—thus endangering the economies of Latin countries that borrow from the fund—and for its efforts to isolate and exclude Cuba and Nicaragua from the community of American nations. On the subject of drugs, Betancur strongly suggested that Colombia was not to blame for the appetites of U.S. heads.

Reagan, who had been notified in advance that Betancur planned to be critical of U.S. policies, was ameliorative in his response. "I did not come to visit with any preconceived plan that we wish to impose," he said apologetically. And, as to dope, he expressed a determination "to control and reduce drug consumption in my country."

Meanwhile, in the street, Colombians braved clouds of tear gas to vociferously protest Reagan's policies in Latin America. **HT**

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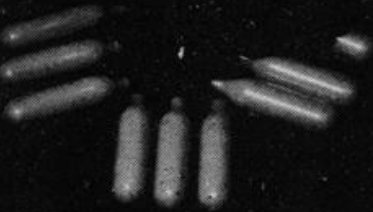
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THE MAN WHO SPRUNG LEARY

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Marking his time in the dismal confines of Rikers Island prison in New York City is one of the unknown soldiers of the American cultural revolution. He was one of the key movers and shakers in the spectacular 1970 prison break of Timothy Leary, and I cannot reveal his name nor any but the broadest details of his role.

For those who may have forgotten, or who may wish to forget, Timothy Leary was somewhat of a luminary himself in 1970. The acid guru had finally been given a solid stretch in a minimum security prison in Southern California following years of police harassment. Cops at a border patrol had nailed him returning from Mexico with a small amount of pot, violating his probation for a previous possession rap, and tossed him in with all the other drug offenders sent to California jails that year.

But Leary's case was special. It wasn't just drugs, reasoned an increasingly liberal media, but Leary's role as a cynosure of the youth movement, a general in the ranks of the "us" forces that battled the establishment "them" forces. It was for this he had been put away, argued college professors and columnists, and, in the spirit of the day, legal-defense projects sprang up in his name on university campuses. Grogged-out hippies wagged their heads in sympathy for his plight. "Movement" politicians angrily denounced yet another example of the establishment assault on youth-culture values.

On the night Tim Leary escaped from prison, I was sitting in a half-crowded bar when someone raced in the door to announce the news. The bar erupted in celebration, and, within the hour, someone had scrounged up a dozen or so doses of the orange sunshine barrel acid that was so abundant at the time. Those who sought communion with the mystical messiah of LSD ate half barrels.

Prison officials announced that Leary had considerable logistical support in his escape, including, perhaps, a helicopter, a number of rented cars and a considerable amount of money—some of which may have found its way to prison guards. Vaguely hinted at were connections with

organized political units, with most media interpreting this as a reference to the extremely active Weathermen, later to be renamed the Weather Underground. Even after the Weathermen claimed credit for the escape, counterculture watchers speculated about the possible complicity of the mysterious Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Leary did indeed have the support of the Weather folks (this became even more apparent when he turned up in Algiers with a number of other extremist exiles from the United States). Almost \$50,000 was raised for the escape—a considerable sum 13 years ago—and most of the money I understand, was supplied by a network of acid dealers overseen by the man who now languishes amidst the roaches of Rikers.

Making Ends Meet.... You can get anything you want in New York, goes the old saw, and if what *New York* magazine says about dope dealing in the Apple is true, you can get anything you want anywhere, anytime and on any terms. The story, "There's No Business Like Drug Business," by Nicholas Pileggi, makes the credible claim that the dope business turns at least \$10 billion in trade annually, eclipsing such New York stalwarts as the garment business and the construction trade. It employs, Pileggi writes, between 100,000 and 300,000 people, and has 800 "stores" where just about anybody but a uniformed officer can buy his drug of choice through a slot in a door. Pileggi's analysis of community acceptance, however, is a bit simplistic. New York pot dealers and coke dealers are more or less accepted, unless they get violent and start shooting each other, but heroin dealers, Pileggi should have noted, are considered bad karma, even among those who use heroin.

It's everywhere, it's everywhere.... And if the *New York* article didn't convince people that drugs have become as American as cars, consider the results of a National Institute on Drug Abuse survey this past fall, which showed that 22.5 million Americans had smoked marijuana in the previous 30 days.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial	prices up	oz	65-85
Colombian		lb	700-800
Gold and red	likewise	oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
		lb	2800-3600
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz	50-85
		lb	450-650
California sinsemilla	thimble-loads	oz	225-300
		lb	2000-2600
Homegrown pot	mild	oz	10-15
	headscratcher	lb	50-200
Hash	red Leb	oz	140-175
		lb	2000-2600
LSD	your choice	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as	one	3-6
	in States	100	275-450
Cocaine	catching up to	gm	130-200
	U.S. standards	oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	usual strong	oz	2-5
domestic	supply	lb	30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the	oz	40-75
	effort		
Cocaine	good assortment	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically	oz	free to \$10
	European		
Moroccan hash	quality better this	oz	50-100
	year than last	kilo	1000-2000
Lebanese hash	transport	oz	60-120
	problems solved	kilo	1200-2200
Black Afghani	top banana	oz	100-135
hash			
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly, not	oz	15-25
Colombian	that much	lb	200
Sierra buds	passable	oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Esmeraldas	the worst	oz	2-4
swamp grass		lb	40-60
Cocaine base	lots	gm	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the		25-40
	driven snow		
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
	varies		
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy,	oz	15
	but super	lb	125
Oaxacan	long-stem	oz	10
	beauties	lb	90
Sinse	northern grown,	oz	25
	sativa	lb	250
Acapulco gold	and green, one of	oz	20
	the best	lb	175
Hash	greenish brown,	oz	15
	a snoozer	lb	150
Cocaine	much fake,	gm	30-50
	pass it on		
Methaqualone	much pharma-	ea	1-2
	ceutical, okay		

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African	okay, not super	oz	170
sticks			
Pot, Colombian	low-quality mesh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean	gm	160
	White"		

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but	oz	160
	stingy & stony	lb	1800
Panama rpd	rarely red, usually	oz	50-65
	green-brown	lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir	one of the world's	gm	20
hash	great hashes	oz	250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm	15-20
		oz	225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15
		oz	175-200
Afghani hash	greenish black,	gm	10-15
	fummy	oz	175-200
Lebanese red	a choker	gm	10
hash		oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real	gm	250-300
	thing, but \$		
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Lockeport,	black 'ghani	gm	15
Nova Scotia	hash, great		
Tampa, Fla.	joked plotter acid,	ea	3.50
	some stale		
Texas panhandle	Cal. sinse,	oz	140
	very good		
Denver	"Purple Death"		
	local homegrown	oz	250
Stockton, Cal.	pink cap LSD,	ea	10
	1000 mike		
	barkburner		
Eastern	top-notch	oz	100
West Virginia	homegrown		
Decorah, Iowa	Percodans,	ea	3
	pharmys		
Middleton, Pa.	red Leb	oz	100
New York City	green windowpane	1000's	375
	acid, 100 mikes,		
	nice		
Battle Creek,	Peruvian flake,	gm	110
Mich.	they say		

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	long-lasting	oz	125-250
	season	lb	1200-2400
Commercial	some excellent	oz	20-50
Mexican		lb	200-450
Top-grade	gold and seedy	oz	45-60
Mexican		lb	475-550
Mexican	good and plenty	oz	115-135
sinsemilla		lb	1200-1500
Jamaican	appears and	oz	35-45
	disappears	lb	375-450
Jamaican	tendency	oz	70-100
sinsemilla	toward dryness	lb	700-1000
Commercial	real cheap or	oz	35-50
Colombian	real high	lb	350-500
Thai sticks	sticks like	one	10-25
	stumps	oz	180-225
Loose Thai	sudden	oz	200-220
	disappearance	lb	1950-2400
Hawaiian	watch for	oz	235-300
	impersonators	lb	2700-3200
Moroccan hash	dry, split slabs	oz	125
		lb	500
Citrali hash	back in town	oz	175
		lb	1650-1950
Lebanese hash	wavering	oz	90-110
		lb	825-1100
Black Afghani	gov't seal	oz	140-190
hash		lb	1550-2000
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and	oz	175-225
	aromatic	lb	1700-2500
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
Psilocybin	dried	oz	140-160
mushrooms	encapsulated	lb	1650
Peyote	crusty, heady	one	5-10
LSD	green monster,	one	3
	strawberry dots	100	150-300
Cocaine	king of the	gm	100-200
	one liners	%	325-400
		oz	2000-3000
Methaqualone	best boots	one	4-6
	in the West	100	300-500
	erratic	100	25-200
Crosses and	costly as coke	gm	75-110
black beaus			
Meth-			
amphetamine			
Alaska			
Commercial	shake city	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic	'tis the season	1/4 oz	50
sinsemilla		oz	200
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland	immigrant	oz	225-300
sinsemilla	flow	lb	2000-2750
Thai sticks	timberland	one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Lebanese hash	big mover	gm	10
		oz	130-200
Cocaine	are you	gm	100-175
	shitting me?	oz	2000-2800
LSD	blots	one	5
		100	350-500
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	5
		100	350
Hawaii			
Puna buds	victim of	oz	225-275
	inflation	lb	2200-2750
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	best in years, rea-	oz	225-275
	sonably priced	lb	2000-2800
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap		free
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
Amphetamines	over the counter	one	2
	from S.A.		

CHARGES

MDA has been judged by the federal government to be a drug with high abuse potential and no redeeming therapeutic value. It is a Schedule I controlled substance beside heroin and LSD. There have been reports of death and serious injury from high doses of MDA, but the reported incidents have often been the result of an interaction of multiple drugs, or were caused by other substances sold as MDA on the illicit market.¹

MDA belongs to a category of drugs known as psychotomimetic amphetamines, which combine the stimulant effects of amphetamines and the psychedelic effects of drugs like mescaline. Large doses of MDA elevate heart rate and blood pressure, and can cause an irregular heartbeat. Individual cases have been reported of cerebral aneurysm or stroke occurring after high-dose MDA ingestion (as a consequence of the elevated blood pressure), but in these cases the victims have been predisposed to stroke because of previous cerebral aneurysm or congenital defect of the blood vessels in the brain. In women, MDA may activate latent infections or other problems of the genitourinary tract.²

As to psychological toxicity—some people can suffer panic reactions or "bad trips," as with other psychedelic drugs; and some users mistake the increased heart rate for a heart attack, thus developing "cardiac anxiety," which increases the panic reaction.

NATURE AND USE

MDA is one of a family of drugs collectively known as methoxylated amphetamines or psychotomimetic amphetamines—an amphetamine subgroup. Its members are amphetamine analogues of the psychedelic drug, mescaline (methoxylated phenylethylamine). This group contains more than a thousand different but related chemical substances. Only a few dozen have been tested on human beings—a few hundred on animals. Among those known to us are: MDA, MDMA, DOM,

MDA

(Methylenedioxyamphetamine)

AKA THE LOVE DRUG, PSYCHEDELIC SPEED

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by
David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury
Free Medical Clinic

DOET, TMA, DMA and MDMA. All of these are similar in chemical structure and effect. They differ mostly in dosage and duration of effect. For example, MDA dosage is 100 to 150 milligrams and duration is 8 to 12 hours, while DOM (known on the street as STP) is potent at 5 milligrams and can last from 16 to more than 24 hours. With the latter, the effects of a high dose can last so long, ebbing and returning, the user may think that they will never end.

MDA and its analogues are synthetic, but related to saffron, which is contained in oil of sassafras and oil of camphor, and is the psychoactive agent in nutmeg and mace. They are produced by modifying the major psychoactive components of nutmeg and mace into their amines. MDA has been on the street since 1967, when it first appeared in the Haight-Ashbury drug culture.³

Descriptions of MDA's effects tend to sound like the fulfillment of a psychedelic user's fantasy. Users have reported the onset as a warm glow spreading through their bodies, followed by a sense of physical and mental well-being that gradually but steadily intensifies. Some have described a sense of increased coordination and an ability to do things they couldn't ordinarily do. Unlike most stimulants, however, MDA doesn't increase motor activity, but, in fact, suppresses it. Thus, consumers can sometimes sit in meditation, or do yoga and related relaxation and centering activities, for long periods of time. Curiously, chronic marijuana and tobacco smokers and coffee drinkers often lose all desire for these drugs during

MDA's effective span. For clinical subjects in a 1974 research program, MDA served as an appetite depressant.⁴ Some researchers (Grinspoon and Bakalar) have concluded that MDA produces feelings of aesthetic delight, empathy, serenity, joy, insight and self-awareness, without perceptual changes, loss of control or depersonalization; and seems to eliminate anxiety and defensiveness. "The user actually feels himself to be a child, and relives childhood experiences in full immediacy, while simultaneously remaining aware of his present self and present reality."⁵

MDA and MDMA showed great promise as an adjunct to psychotherapy in extensive research carried out in the late '60s and early '70s—most prominently by Claudio Naranjo⁶ and Alexander T. Shulgin.⁷ In the mid '70s, with MDA's inclusion as a Schedule I "narcotic," research on the methoxylated amphetamines came to a standstill.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

As is true with all psychedelic drugs, effects vary with expectation and setting. MDA is not the sort of drug to be taken with alcohol and downers at wild parties. Its use can drain energy, leaving one tired and sluggish the next day. MDA may affect a woman's genitourinary tract, and may even activate latent infections and other problems. Women should be aware of this danger. It is reported to cause tension in the face and jaw muscles to the point of "bruxism," involuntary teeth grinding. At least one researcher (Weil) feels, however, that all these symp-

toms involve excessive dosage, poor setting or counterfeit drugs. Anxiety, panic and paranoid reactions occur but are rare.

It should be noted that, in the case of MDA, the synthetic is more benign than the natural. Nutmeg and mace do have some psychoactive properties, but the after-effects are dire enough to make these poor drugs of choice. We will be discussing nutmeg at length in a future column.

Naranjo warns that MDA is toxic to certain individuals. Typical toxic symptoms are skin reactions, profuse sweating or confusion. A couple of the more serious cases involved aphasia and a death. This serious neurological toxicity results from elevated blood pressure and effects on the brain associated with higher doses of MDA.

FIRST-AID PLUS

If such problems develop, medical care is required; anti-hypertensive medication and neurological care may be necessary. Anxiety, panic or paranoid reactions can usually be handled by reassurance in a supportive environment. Occasionally, sedative medication such as Valium[®] is recommended.

Antipsychotic medication is not needed unless a prolonged psychotic reaction occurs. This usually happens only in individuals who have major underlying psychological problems prior to taking MDA. In these rare cases, prolonged psychiatric care may be needed. •

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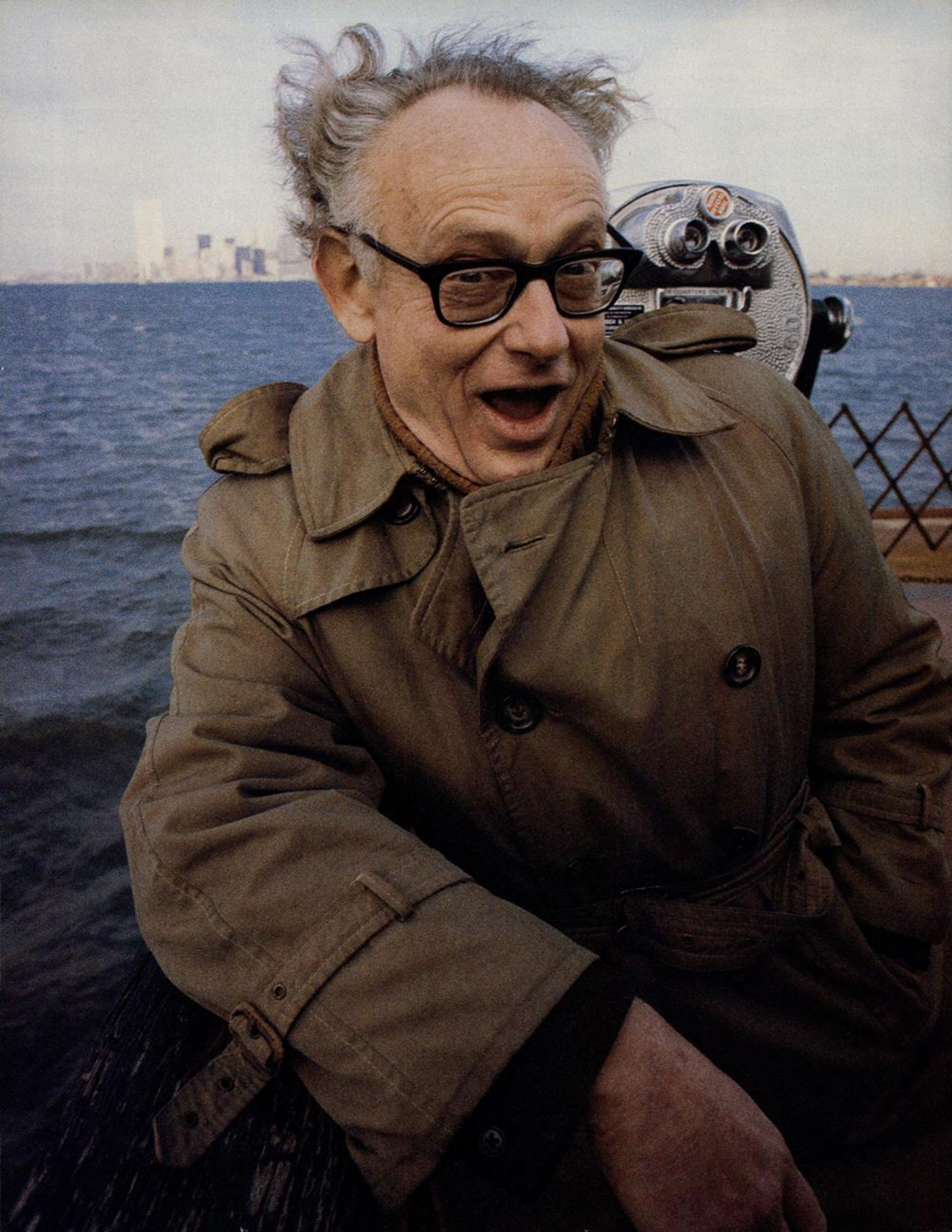
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DAVID SOLOMON

Bespectacled and middle-aged, David Solomon looks more like a Midwest librarian than the evil genius behind a conspiracy to flood the world with LSD.

Two and a half months after being deported from Great Britain, David Solomon responded to our invitation to discuss his life and hard time in the English prison system. Author of *LSD: The Consciousness Expanding Drug*, *The Marijuana Papers*, and *The Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers*, Solomon stands as an elder statesman of turned-on America. Busted in 1977 in the LSD-conspiracy investigation known as Operation Julie, he was slandered mercilessly by Grub Street hacks and sentenced to 10 years by Mr. Justice Park of the Bristol Crown Court.

Ironically, Solomon did most of his "conspiring" before 1973, when the Brits made manufacturing LSD for export a crime; and he had been out of the "conspiracy" for more than three years when the bust came down in 1977. Neither this nor the fact that he had gleaned no profit from the LSD scheme elicited any mercy from the English authorities, who deported his wife, Pat, shortly after he was imprisoned, and denied him parole twice, despite his exemplary conduct in gaol.

Solomon's reputation as an author and litterateur made his plight something of a cause célèbre during his five years of confinement. Noted drug researchers like Lester Grinspoon, Norman Zinberg, Andrew Weil and J.T. Ungerleider submitted letters to the British government on his behalf, as did writers like

William Burroughs, Alan Sillitoe, Jessica Mitford, and poets Denise Levertov and Allen Ginsberg.

We found David Solomon a candid, witty and articulate raconteur, and a bona fide hipster of the first water.

High Times: How does it feel to be back on the outside after five and a half years in jail?

Solomon: It's been a complete, reborn, sensual trip—a solid-state revelation.

High Times: No trouble in readjusting to civilian life?

Solomon: No. It's so easy to readjust to ice cream and steaks and all the pot I can smoke. Instant rehabilitation. My daughter slipped me some hash for the plane ride from London to New York, and from that point on it was just a gas.

High Times: Operation Julie is what you're readjusting from. The bust that landed you and sixteen others in jail in 1977 and was called the biggest drug bust in English history. In fact, it was stated by the crown at your trial that you were "responsible for 90 percent of the supply of LSD in Great Britain." First off, how'd it get its name?

Solomon: It was called Operation Julie because one of the police officers attached to the case was named Julie, and I think everybody was laying her,

so they named it Operation Julie.

High Times: Sounds reasonable. Now, exactly what was it?

Solomon: It was a conspiracy to manufacture and distribute LSD. The prosecution made a lot out of its contention that we were manufacturing half the world's supply of LSD—and if you consider half of the world as Europe, then I suppose so, because the majority of the stuff was distributed on the Continent. It was not an American operation at all. The fact that I was American was incidental. I suppose that was its problem—it was too damn limey, it should never have been done in England.

High Times: You seemed to be portrayed by the authorities as the central mind—or evil genius, as it were—behind the whole thing. Does that in any way hint at your role?

Solomon: Not at all. Look, here's what happened. Years ago, in the course of doing work on the *Marijuana Papers*, I came across the work of Roger Adams, an organic chemist at the University of Illinois, who in the 1940s had synthesized THC. When I moved with my family to England in 1967, THC was legal. You could get extract of cannabis with a doctor's prescription. I thought I could pursue my research there, and one of the things I wanted to do was to make some THC—see if

it could be made in a viable, stable form—and then perhaps go into the THC business.

High Times: Legally?

Solomon: Why not? So I found a chemist whose name was Richard Kemp, who was getting his doctorate at the University of Liverpool in nuclear magnetic resonance, and I said, "Do you think you can make this compound?" He said he'd try, and came up with gunk that had no stability.

High Times: How did you meet up with Kemp? Was it fortuitous?

Solomon: It was really fortuitous. It was through a family connection. I didn't go to the campus and skulk about or anything like that. Anyway, he was unable to make the THC, and so, to assuage the regret I felt, he said he thought he could make LSD, which in 1967 was still not illegal to manufacture in England, as long as you didn't distribute it there. So at this point there was nothing "illegal" about my conspiracy with these people. My answer to Kemp, in the presence of another person who was much more active later on in the conspiracy than I was, was: "Why not?" And he went on to produce a sludgy form of LSD that was quite potent, and he succeeded in turning on half the undergraduates in Cambridge, just to see if it was okay.

High Times: This was

this was Ron Stark, a very strange man. He had two doctorates, one in biochemistry and an M.D. from Columbia and Harvard. He'd gotten turned on in the early '60s and had had a vision; and he was the grandson of a millionaire inventor, so he had a lot of money. He came to me because he was looking for another chemist. So I introduced him to Richard Kemp. He took Kemp to Paris, where through his connections, he was able to secure a legitimate laboratory, which was making patent medicines. And there, in the middle of Paris, he manufactured acid. They found out how to crystallize the stuff very efficiently, and they churned out a lot of acid. All that stuff went to the States except Kemp's payoff, which was about two hundred grams of pure acid, something like that. I helped him get it back to England. I didn't scam it myself, but I made sure it got scammed. Then we started to turn out the microdots in earnest. A very simple technique. And it was so successful.

High Times: Do you know how much of it, if any, made it back to the States?

They were the manufacturers and the wholesale marketers, the ones who distributed it in England and on the Continent. They were found to be in possession of assets worth about £300 thousand—which was about \$600 thousand—and £250 respectively. And they had been living very high on the hog for the last few

They suspended the normal procedure for granting parole—which is, if you are a first offender and a white-collar crook, and it looks like you are not going to do it again and you behave, you should get parole after serving a third of your sentence. But in our case they simply—although we were recommended by all of the other



authorities—refused to grant us parole on our first two applications. When we checked it out through a source in the Home Office, the answer was “for reasons of political sensitivity.” Political sensitivity! Well, that’s right. Of course, that’s right. Maggie Thatcher is in power now, and by God! She came in on the law-and-order ticket. This was one of the most notorious cases in the history of British drug busts. Everybody knew about it. She couldn’t let these blighters out, no matter how many letters piled up on William Whitelaw’s desk, as in my case.

High Times: It seemed the defendants’ arguments during the trial were based on principles of consciousness or something like that, rather than—

Solomon: There was no defense. Everyone went guilty except for one, Richard Kemp’s wife, Chris, who was a doctor. She took that approach and was hit with nine years because of it. She jawed off and got hit harder than she would have by maybe two or three years. Another thing,

the arrests were so sudden and the conspirators so unprofessional and middle class, that I’m afraid many of them didn’t demonstrate much moral fiber when it came to talking to the police.

High Times: You mean some of them turned?

Solomon: Yes.

High Times: How did the arrests go down? What was the extent of the investigation?

Solomon: Back in about 1970, a transvestite Texan by the name of Gerald Thomas, age forty-six, about six-feet-one, on the portly side, briefly worked for Richard Kemp. They didn’t get on very well, and they parted with bad feelings. Thomas subsequently went to India, scored hash and some oil, and got busted in Montreal with fifteen or twenty kilos or something stupid like that—a real kamikaze job. When the authorities put the squeeze on him, he said, “Look, fellas, if it’s seven or eight years I am facing, I have this information that would be very helpful to you. It’s the biggest goddamned...” You know the rest. He knew

me. He knew Richard Kemp. And he knew Henry Todd’s first name. And with that bare bit of information it was easy for them to keep us under surveillance.

High Times: How long were you under surveillance?

Solomon: I was under surveillance sporadically over a period of a year.

High Times: And you were never aware that anything was going on?

Solomon: No. Richard Kemp was under surveillance for about the same period, but more intensely. They built a little cottage a few yards away from where he was making the acid. This is really so ludicrous; it would take hours just to go into how ludicrous it was. Anyway, they perched there for a year with telescopes and every fucking thing, and Kemp’s just making the acid with his partner, who got away with much of the swag. Anyway, they were letting all this go down, had everybody pinpointed in both the London and the Wales labs, and they just sat around and watched for about a year.

High Times: So you had two labs going, one in Wales and the other in London.

Solomon: Yes. So they let Kemp finish his run of almost a kilo and a half of crystalline acid, the best in the world. And when he finished the operation he dismantled the lab and moved with his girlfriend Chris into a modest little cottage in another part of Wales. Being a very provincial person, he buried his acid under the flagstones of his cottage, the motherfucker. He’s so confident and arrogant that he leaves the keys to his safe-deposit box in Zurich on the mantelpiece and other stuff like that. And he’s tabbing it there and he’s

just—crazy. That’s when he got busted.

High Times: How much acid was he absorbing while he was making all this stuff?

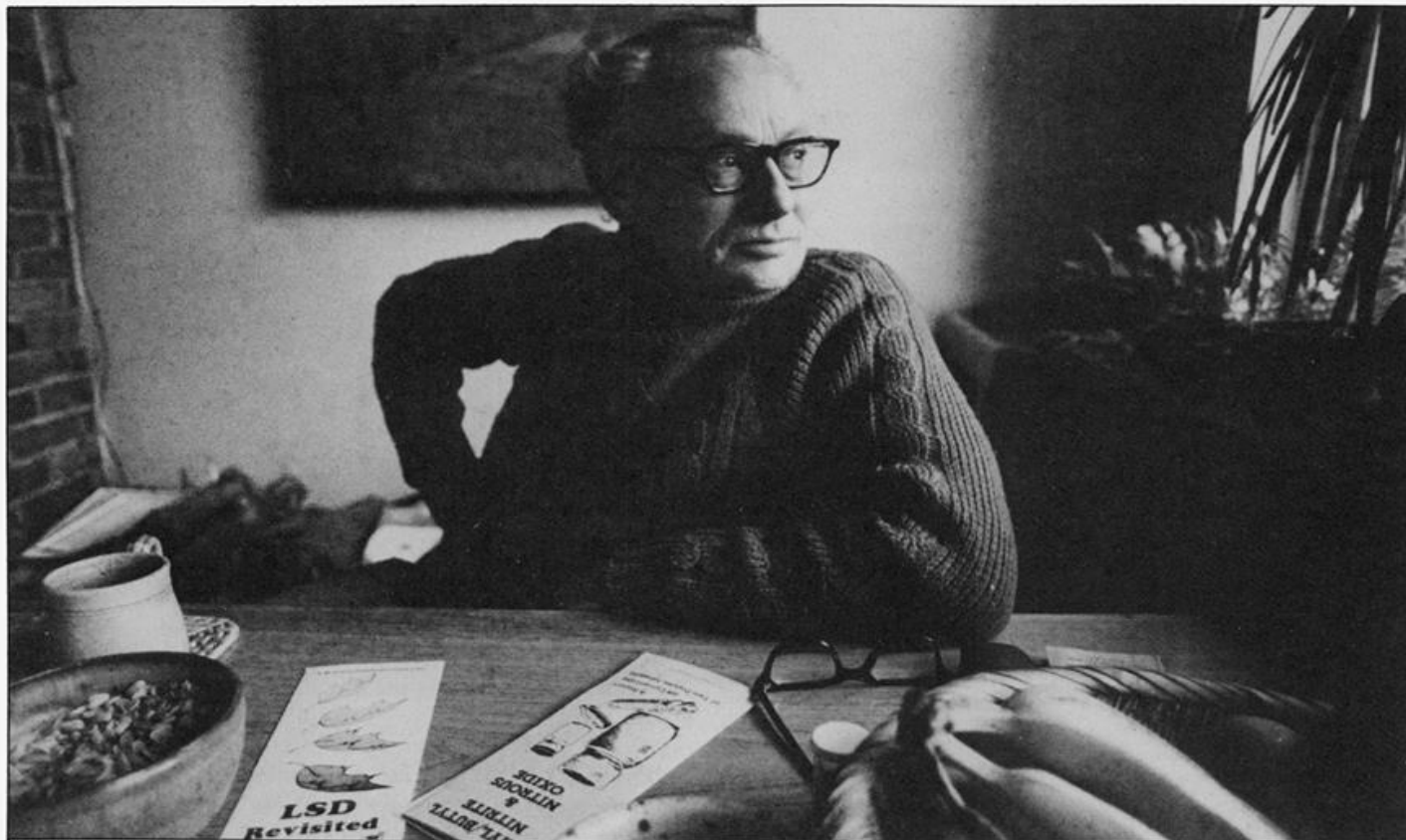
Solomon: It doesn’t matter after the first day. You just get the slightest sort of buzzy feeling.

Now, I didn’t know any of this. All I knew was that a year before, in the summer of 1976, a young man from Cambridge, who at one time squired one of my daughters, and who later turned out to be one of the biggest informers of the bust, came to me and said, “By the way, Dave, what do you think of this?” And he hauls out a package of microdots that were very professionally done. I said, “Wow! Who did these, Kemp?” He knew Kemp from Cambridge. He said, “No, but would you like them?” And I said, “Why not?” Fatal, fatal words that should never be uttered without great consideration. He said he couldn’t divulge the source of these exquisitely crafted microdots, so reminiscent of microdots of yore. But he wondered, since he thought that they might be available in rather large quantities, whether I knew of anybody, say in Amsterdam, who would be interested in them. I said I didn’t know of anybody offhand, but if I hear of anything I’ll let you know. And he left me the microdots. A few months later, lo and behold, someone from Amsterdam crosses my path. So I put the two of them together. That was an act of conspiracy that helped me get ten years.

High Times: Did you ever find out who was making the other LSD?

Solomon: Sure, I lived with some of them for eleven months in one cell.

High Times: We should at this point ask an obliga-



tory question about the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Solomon: That was Stark's angle.

High Times: What was Leary's connection with them?

Solomon: He was sort of flitting around as the ideological guru of these guys.

High Times: So it was just a loose conglomeration of people?

Solomon: Nothing sinister, not even too damned efficient. They were diletantes like myself. I wasn't a professional crook. And, after spending almost five and a half years in jail and learning a lot about how crime is conducted and how criminals get caught, I was amazed that I didn't get busted long before I did.

High Times: From what we read, it seems you were stuck in a real hole.

Solomon: I was in one of the six worst prisons in the country. But all British prisons are more or less physically the same. They are huge, Victorian brick structures built around

1870, 1880, but the accommodation in 1880 was one man to a cell, and the cells were perhaps five feet by seven feet. By the time I got there, circa March 1977, they were packing them in three to a cell with no sanitation facilities. You had to slop out, three guys, twenty-four hours a day.

Oh, they let you out for about half an hour of exercise if it wasn't raining, but it rains most of the time in Bristol. So I was cooped up with two other prisoners for eleven months under those conditions just waiting for trial. Because they didn't grant me bail—in clear violation, by the way, of covenants that Great Britain signed at Strasbourg in the European Court. The rationale in my case being that, since I was such a knowledgeable man of the world, I would obviously abscond.

High Times: So how did you survive your prison experience? You weren't allowed to write more than two letters a week, see more than one visitor a month or publish any-

thing. It sounds, well, boring as hell to begin with.

Solomon: It's not the boredom, it's the tension and the boredom. That's the real thing. Tension, anxiety and boredom.

High Times: What kind of tension?

Solomon: All the tensions attendant to being in prison.

High Times: Intense power-dominance games going down all the time.

Solomon: On all levels. On prisoner levels, on screw levels. It's a tank full of piranhas, man, and a lot of guys get devoured by it. Reduced. Diminished. Institutionalized.

High Times: What was your strength?

Solomon: Well, I was older, first of all, and I had some of the stoicism that comes with surviving to a certain age. Prison tested my body and my visions of myself and other people in a setting where the light was very harsh, and you couldn't evade certain things. I tried to use my body as much as possible.

Whenever I was allowed to use the very limited gym facilities I would do it. I would lift weights, I would do pushups, I would jog if I could. The food was horrible, so I spent all my prison earnings, which amounted to about three dollars a week, on buying things from the commissary like wheat germ, powdered milk—
High Times: Were the prison libraries of any use to you during your incarceration?

Solomon: At the first jail there was no real library. They would just keep a few shitty murder mysteries and cowboy stories and some Bibles. The Bibles were good because that's where I stashed my hash—in the spine of the Bible. And I never got caught. Nobody ever bothered with the Bible. So, it served its purpose. The second prison I was at was a semiopen prison. There was a reasonable library and easy-to-order books. And I had more time to read.

High Times: Were there a

lot of drugs in prison?

Solomon: For a week's worth of tobacco you could get a piece of hash about the size of a match head.

High Times: High-priced stuff.

Solomon: I was a bit more fortunate because the people who would visit me would bring me perhaps a fifth of an ounce of Lebanese hash in little balls wrapped in sticky plastic. And after the screws got a little dozy I would swallow them, one by one, and wait for the next day and discover the alchemist's stone.

High Times: Did you ever deal the stuff you were getting from the outside?

Solomon: Oh, no. My God. It was the most precious stuff in the world to me. I'd take it and divide it up into little pieces—the minimum amount I knew would get me high; I wouldn't get it on every visit. I'd get banged up every night at 8:30 and it was my sanctuary. I could turn on, I could listen to classical music on the radio and I could write.

High Times: At this time then you were obviously in a cell by yourself.

Solomon: Yes. This was after I was convicted.

High Times: What about your own personal experimentation with psychedelics? When were you first turned on to them?

Solomon: My first experience with a powerful psychedelic was with mescaline sulfate back around 1957. I was working as an editor for *Esquire*, and I had an old filmmaker friend who was making commercials a few blocks away. We started wondering about all the crazies we were working with who thought they were sane. He suggested it would be interesting to do

a film on insanity. So we took out some books from the library—*The Doors of Perception*, *Heaven and Hell* and *Drugs and the Mind*.

High Times: That's trouble right there.

Solomon: Oh, was that trouble. Man, I was zapped. Within a week after reading this material I got permission from my publisher to use *Esquire* magazine expense money to buy mescaline sulfate and try it out on artists and writers like myself.

High Times: Prior to this you'd never gotten high?

Solomon: No. I hadn't even smoked pot. I was drinking martinis on my lunch hour and smoking Camel cigarettes. So I immediately scored some of this stuff from L. Light and Company in England. They sent it all in four-hundred-milligram capsules, ready to go. My friend, Stan Smith, the filmmaker, tried it one week, and I saw what happened, and I said, "I want it." See, after reading all these books, the idea was he'd get high and see what happened to him as a painter, for he was a painter as well as a filmmaker. But, after getting off, he was reluctant to try to paint; he was just sort of looking off into space. So I took a tube of paint and squeezed it on some paper, and he just took his finger and made a smear and stopped and shook his head. Couldn't go further. So I thought: Wow! If he's really so turned on by just the texture and the color—I tried it at his place the following week and had a cataclysmic experience. After the first five minutes, I was looking at the curtains and they started to do this incredibly sexy, undulating dance. And I saw a poster on the wall that struck me as having deep significance—deeper than I had ever bothered to

notice before.

High Times: Deeper than it probably had.

Solomon: Perhaps. Stan saw me going into this bemused state and handed me a book of Dylan Thomas's poetry. I turned the book over and there was the photograph of Dylan Thomas and—the motherfucker is alive! *He is really alive*. And not only that, but he looks like me. *He looks like me*. And I was Dylan Thomas. And then he looked like my dead brother, and my other dead brother, and my dead father. This whole thing lifted a kind of guilt from me that I'd had for years, because I was the sole survivor—two older brothers shot down in World War II, and I survived. So, somehow, in this space of five minutes, with the tears coming down my cheeks, I am relieved of this horrible burden, and Stan saw me with tears streaming down my face, and he took the book away. And he gave me a Woolworth's sweet with a cellophane wrapper. So I took it out of the wrapper; the wrapper fell to the floor, crumpled, and I put the sweet in my mouth, closed my eyes, and I got synesthesia. Wonderful. The taste was like a fireworks display. I was chewing and sucking and moaning in ecstasy. And the tears were drying. After such intensity—boom! Ecstasy! Wow! Well, the ecstasy ended because I finished chewing and swallowing.

I opened my eyes and I saw the cellophane on the floor. But now, wow! It's not just a piece of crumpled cellophane; it's glittering with all of the colors of the rainbow, sparkling, sending out auras, and undulating, and it's wow! So I got down on my knees in reverence, and got right up against it

with my nose, and it was so beautiful, I fell in love with it. I fell in love with a piece of cellophane. And this is where I knew that something really was happening, because kneeling before it on my knees in complete devotion and love to its beauty and elegance, I had an orgasm. I had no erection. I had no physical emission. But, man, I savored and tasted and felt one of the best fucks I ever had in my life. And that's how I got turned on to psychedelics.

High Times: How long after the mescaline experience did you begin blowing grass?

Solomon: One week later. Again, I was over at Stan's place, and he said, "Dave, I want you to try something." And I smoked my first joint. I started to giggle and said—*"I'm back in the mescaline world."* But it was a very private thing for months and months.

Secret, clandestine. I wouldn't even walk the streets after smoking. Stay inside and listen to jazz, Bach and Bartok. Whew! Eat grapes! Get laid. Oh!

High Times: After you left *Esquire* you went to work for *Playboy* in—

Solomon: 1963.

High Times: Just on the cusp of the whole counter-culture movement and also the period of the greatest rise for *Playboy*.

Solomon: Yes. And I got guys like Terry Southern and William Styron for them; also had them make friends again with Nelson Algren.

High Times: How did you finally depart from magazineland?

Solomon: Oh, I got fired. I used to be provocative, I guess. I used to do things like smoke pot after the lights went out at the *Playboy* mansion when it was movie night. As soon as the lights went out

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THE ROAD TO ALBEMARLE

Part II of a dope novella by Dean Latimer.

Synopsis of Part One:

When last we saw them, 20-year-old Huey Reel and forty-ish Elinor Henderson (*Gasp!*) had just blinked out federal narc David Zignatowski (*Hiss!*) with a *Quāālude* mickey after Zignatowski had shot the dope-plane pilot Osvaldo (*BLAM!*) in the face. Now, with narcs all up and down the East Coast looking for their Lockheed Lodestar full of fume and gorilla biscuits (*ZZZZZZ*), Huey and Elinor are finishing the crucial last leg of their jumbo dope run to Albemarle Sound. Hang tight to the cliff, boys and girls, and proceed to the thrill-a-second (*Wow!*) conclusion, below!

"Abra, this is Cadabra. Come in please."

Night settled in gently, after a pretty wonderful Carolinas sunset, just as they nosed out of the Atlantic across Ocracoke Inlet into Pamlico Sound. To port, below them, another vast stretch of flat ocean appeared to open up, while to starboard the little Hatteras islands lit up, three or four at a time, in a sparkling arc that trailed away far off into the gathering darkness north-westward.

"Abra, this is Cadabra. It really is Cadabra, you morons. Tell Artie to come listen to the voice. He *knows* me." Elinor Henderson was calling on the shortwave numbers at which the Lodestar's radio had been set—and she had been careful to mentally record—*before* the narc Zignatowski had changed it.

Night-flying in this place, Huey discovered, was even simpler than day-flying most places, in terms of navigation. To the eye, from above, much of the Carolinas coast is a repetitive confusion of tiny islands, woodsy and desert, that mainly just sort of cluster

together more thickly as you look westward, instead of forming up into any very helpful coastline. In the dark, though, the uncountable little marine beacons down below come into play, and suddenly the charts begin to make a great deal more sense. In fact, once Huey came to fully recognize what all the many-colored, crisscrossing lines on his charts stood for—radar zones and radio-interception screens, mainly—he began to get increasingly worried, even depressed. These charts, which had been bribed or stolen loose of the U.S. Coast Guard Service, showed their little blue-and-white dope plan to be a frail Pac-Man ghost in a monstrous, multitiered electronic maze of great, gobbling police and military gremlins. "Out of the bedpan," he kept on repeating, "straight into the urinal."

"Cadabra calling Abra. I know you can copy, Abra. Either get on the line, or I'm going to broadcast Artie's full name and address, and the route his children take on the way home from school, to every Coast Guard station along Cape Hatteras."

"Abra to Cadabra." *That* pulled a response out of the ether, finally: a calm, drawlsome, nearly sleepy male voice. "Request you change immediately to frequency Presto. Repeat, frequency Presto. *Comprende*, Cadabra?"

"Understood. Frequency Pedro Rastus Emily Stupid Turner Orville. Changing in one-eight-zero seconds after mark time. Mark *time*." She switched off the radio set, and banked suddenly so steeply to port that Huey's Budweiser poured out of the can onto the chart in his lap, and another peck of stray *Quāāludes* rattled loose across the tilting cabin floor.

"There's nothing to run into around here, is there? No woodsy islands or anything, right?" Her voice was quite small beneath the scream of wind against the dive-bombing plane.

"Uh... Not any that's marked on the charts hereabouts."

"Good. We have to play kamikaze for a few minutes. Keep your eye peeled for anything that looks like it might be a tall-masted sailboat."

For a while, with the Pamlico white-caps phosphorescing just outside his window, and the ancient airplane shrieking and shuddering and popping all around them, Huey was just as scared as he'd been looking into Zignatowski's .38. Except this time it lasted much, much longer. And worst of all, Elinor Henderson was every bit as scared as he was, from the looks of her. Bolt-upright behind the controls, biting her bottom lip, ribbons of unbound auburn hair tangling untidily around her neck and shoulders—and with great big smears of blood crusting on her white velour blouse and brown bolero jacket, too. Why, if it wasn't for the deceptive, ghoulish glow furnished by the instrument panel and the little chart lamp, Huey would swear Elinor Henderson had gone chalky pale underneath her contour makeup.

"Jehoshaphat. Jehoshaphat," Huey kept saying after she finally pulled up out of the ear-popping havoc into a broad, graceful glide to the northwest. "Jee-hosha-phat!!" It was an old cuss he hadn't employed since he'd been too young to be allowed to cuss properly around the house. "Where are we at now, ma'am?" he finally asked as the lights of a little town, or a large boat yard or something, slid away in the dark, far, far below them.

"Nobody knows," she said with great satisfaction. "That was the *point* of that whole Jehoshaphat, my fair-haired young boy. Now you figure out where we are, while I get a clue to where we're *going*."

It was remarkably easy to work out their location, with the aid of those marvelous Coast Guard charts, while





Elinor raised that complacent male voice on their secret Presto frequency. The dialogue was much more casual now.

"Cadabra, we've been advised of your probable identity. Can you confirm your usual handle for us?"

"Of course. This is Muffin. Repeat, Muffin." She shot a resigned glance at Huey, cracking up over a handle like that for Elinor Henderson. "It's a man's world," she told him.

Then she had to explain what happened to the original flight crew. But the way *she* told it, navigator Carlson had simply decided to boost the load for himself, when she'd showed up on the island with a big iron barge and no guns. "He was cranked up out of his gourd, Abra," she guaranteed. "Shot Osvaldo in the head when he tried to stop him. But my muscle got the drop

on him and put his lights out with a crowbar. We cut the barge loose and left him stranded on the island. He'll be stuck there until someone goes to get him—if anybody *wants* him, the thief."

"We copy, Muffin," said the imperturbable voice, as though she'd just reported an ordinary mid-flight course correction. "Hold for six-zero seconds, please."

"Y'all imagine that story might not scare them off, ma'am?"

"Not while there's a few million dollars in dope up here," she told Huey emphatically. "Artie Schulman needs the money bad, right away, or some Jersey City casino operation will buy him right out of the business. I'll tell the whole story to Artie himself, but right now nobody else really needs to know."

"That's not your Mr. Schulman down there talking to us?"

"No. The voice sounds familiar somehow, but I don't believe I've ever been properly introduced to this Mr. Abra."

"Abra to Muffin," sparkled the headsets presently. "The operation will proceed. Kindly read us your current position and course and fuel count, Muffin."

They were high up over Washington County now, plentifully beacons Albemarle Sound spreading below and before them like a big old comfortable carpet. Abra's voice corrected them for height and air speed and direction, and they agreed to an estimate of 23:30 minutes to next radio contact, which was to comprise immediate landing instructions. Compared to what had gone before, the rest of this dope-drop looked to be a rural milk run.

For the first time all day, Elinor Henderson lit up a cigarette, looking quite

"That was the voice of Sheriff Waylon O'Keefe. The most drug-bustingest, borned-again old red-neck in all moonshine country..."

fair and noble again, profiled in the butane glow. "You didn't leave anything personal in that Levi jacket you stuffed under Osvaldo's head, did you, Huey?"

"Just a few joints," chuckled Huey. "Which sorta reminds me, now I think on it—" He stretched out his long legs under the manifold, knees popping audibly, and craned around to look at the bales behind them. "We been breathing raw reefer pollen for hours, ma'am. I don't imagine how it could hurt to roll up a little bit and burn it up properly—"

"Please, Huey," said Elinor Henderson. "Spare me that, okay?"

"I got papers," he said helpfully. "This looks to be good primo red-top Santa Marta gold, too. You don't smoke, ma'am?" he asked after a minute.

"I just get bored," she told him. "And then I get cranky. And then I go to sleep. It'll never stand up against your special Harvey Wallbangers at the club, Huey. How *are* you doing with that little strawberry blond cocktail waitress, Brighteyes?"

"Going back to school in New Jersey next week, Mrs. Henderson. I'm missing her already."

"Oh? That is too bad, Huey." Elinor regarded him with eyes that were frankly appraising and just wistfully sinful. "She has extraordinarily *fine* legs, you know. Long and pale and straight. Especially in knee socks." If there was a flaw in Elinor Henderson, it was a gaining trace of middle-aged opulence from the waist down.

"She likes you too, Mrs. Henderson," was all Huey could think to say.

Mr. Abra came in on cue at 23:30 minutes to the instant, and turned them due east. A thumbnail of gray moon through tumbling early-autumn overcast helped trace out the patterns of lagoon and marsh that sped below them, as they treetopped along the north coast of Albemarle. Here there were no beacons or houselights or highways; in fact, though a casual reader wouldn't have noticed it, Huey noticed the Coast Guard chart showed that this particular stretch of Queen Anne County coastline was perfectly innocent of any electronic surveillance at all.

"I'm as low as I'm going to take her, Abra," Elinor was telling the hand microphone. "When the undercarriage goes down, I don't want it tangling in the junipers."

"Don't sweat the junipers, Muffin," came the easy voice. "This here is one big smuggler's parking lot."

As though Abra had them on radar—and Huey, suddenly, wasn't sure he *didn't*—at that instant they treetopped a bristlecone dune and entered a vast shining blackness: a broad elbow of Albemarle that nudged up miles into the north shore, thousands of meters broad. As they searched for the far shore, suddenly twin high-intensity sodium spotlights, the sort used for outdoor night scenes in movie productions, blasted across the water at them.

"Oh, *shit!*" Huey and Elinor Henderson blurted in unison. Even from hundreds of yards off, the bluish incandescence shattered the cozy gloom of the Lodestar's cabin, bringing out minute details with ungodly clarity. The gas gauge was flickering at naught. Elinor Henderson had developed a ruby anxiety zit right between her well-crafted eyebrows over the course of the day. Huey had been linking up a pretty necklace of Budweiser pop-tabs between his enormous fingers, in absent-minded stress.

"Should we haul it out in the Sound and dump it?" Huey asked, very reasonably. "We could put her down in the water and swim for it, Elinor."

Elinor looked at him in grand offense. "And maybe, if you're lucky, you'll get through it with moderate injuries, and go straight from the burn ward to federal prison. No more premed for *you*, my bright-eyed young boy." She picked up the microphone. "Do we aim exactly between the lights, you cop motherfucker?"

"Affirmative, Muffin. Just bisect the arc of light. You finally recognize my voice, little Miss Muffin?"

Elinor Henderson bit her bottom lip again in the sodium glow, dropped the undercarriage, pulled up and throttled down nearly to stall speed. "That was the voice of Sheriff Waylon O'Keefe of Queen Anne County, North Carolina,

boy," she advised Huey over the whine and rattle of the exhausted old airplane. "Old Wylie O'Possum. The most drug-bustingest, borned-again old red-neck leather-slapper in all moonshine country," she chuckled, adopting Huey's dumb, honeysuckle singsong. "Now y'all just behave real respectful and brain-damaged in the face of authority again, Huey, and I'll be the original nymphomaniac rich bitch. Between us we can Mutt-and-Jeff y'all, boy, into being a prosecution witness with total immunity, and just a 'Mr. X.' mention on the six o'clock television news. And you *stick* to that, you little fuckface," she spat fiercely, "no matter *what* my lawyer tells you!" As the incredible whiteness ran right up to the wind screen she shouted into the mike: "Now where's the *strip*, O'Possum, you bastard?"

"Right here, honey child," said the voice. And as they cruised in, sputtering, square between the spotlights, a double rank of vehicle headlamps, dozens of them facing each other, suddenly illuminated a flat and spacious landing zone for them.

They touched down with a scrape of rubber against tightly packed sand, and the nose slammed into the ground so hard Huey bit his tongue by accident. "Jee-hosha-*phat!*" Huey hissed sorrowfully as they skidded past one blue-and-white police cruiser after another. Toward the end of the field the cruisers changed to massive U-Haul vans, and scores of large men were clustered all around them, some in gray uniforms, bearing conspicuous arms.

Elinor Henderson taxied sideways at the end of the field, up next to the clearly stenciled QUEEN ANNE COUNTY grader and steamroller that had been used to prepare the strip. The wing motors whined down slowly, and very gratefully, and they sat in the rich marijuana musk of the darkened cabin for a long moment of shock. As a squad of enormous cops in trooper Stetsons headed toward them, bristling with pump-action .12-gauge shotguns, Elinor snapped on the bright cabin lights, to show they weren't even about to *think* of resisting arrest.

"I refueled the plane so you could switch the drop zone, in case your speed-freak chart man turned out to be federal heat."

"Goddamn it, Muffin, turn off the blessed lights!" bawled the oldest cop, a wizened little bespectacled man in a tall, peaked cap any Nazi would admire. He had Abra's voice.

She flicked the lights off. That was when they apprehended that the spotlights, and all the vehicle headlamps, had been turned off behind them. Beyond the multitude of pinpoint, handheld flashlight beams, the whole place was pitch dark. And quiet, too. Aside from the loons and whippoorwills, frogs and crickets, and an occasional masculine laugh or curse out of the darkness, the balmy silence of a North Carolina late-summer evening prevailed.

"No television news crews," Elinor Henderson stated in tones of dawning amazement, looking out at the mob of silent cops in the dark. "Huey, I do believe we may have fallen into a den of thieves, praise the Lord."

It was really good to get out of the reek of half-cured reefer, Huey discovered as he climbed out of the navigator door into the moist Albemarle night, to run flush up against the four other big, husky young kids whom Elinor had recruited out of the Atlanta parking lot. "Hey, you're Huey," a big black kid named Henry grinned in astonished recognition. "Whatchall doin' on the plane here, my man? We're s'posed to unload the mother, not fly it."

"Believe me, friend." The breath issued out of Huey's capacious chest as though it had weighed a ton in there. "You really *do* not want to know. Turmoil and heartache, friend. Turmoil and heartache."

He was looking over at Elinor Henderson most admiringly while he said this, as the courtly little sheriff helped her regally alight from the plane. "Oh, right on!" rejoiced Henry, extending both huge hands, palms up. "Cut your old self a slice of *royal* boss pussy. Gimme twenty with *verve*, my man!"

Huey's back went up for just a second at this smut. But since the kid was a head-and-a-half taller than Huey himself, and honestly delighted with what was—after all—a perfectly reasonable adduction, Huey gave him 20 with *verve*.

The hatch was popped out of the Lodestar with a great exuberant whoop, and a metal-cylinder conveyer belt was set up between the plane's belly and the ass-end of an open U-Haul. Soon the bales were rattling down into the truck while Huey took a long, long grateful leak off in the darkness. Hot piss in the moonlight, and the smell of mud and prickly pine and late-season magnolia; a *little* marijuana smelled wonderful, Huey decided, but you had to draw the line somewhere.

Then he heard Elinor Henderson's voice raised in anger.

"You crooked son of a bitch! That parcel of dope is *mine*, Artie, and I'm hauling it straight back to *Georgia*!"

Huey cautiously wandered over toward the earth-moving equipment, where some lanterns had been strung up to furnish a modest circular zone of muted illumination. Elinor Henderson was raging in the middle of it, not at the bony little sheriff, but at a handsome silver-haired gentleman in his 50s, wearing a gaberdine topcoat and toting a bulletproof, aluminum, combination-locked Halliburton suitcase—for all the world, a European bank director abruptly teleported into a North Carolina swamp. Behind him in the shade, though, skulked nearly a dozen of the sleekest Mediterranean torpedoes Huey had ever seen, even after a whole summer of hustling lush at a private Atlanta country club. Some of them carried automatic rifles, and quite professionally.

"I delivered your whole damned load, just like we contracted," Elinor Henderson was seething. "I hired the off-load crew out of state and got them here, Artie. I refueled the damned plane so that you could switch the drop zone, in case your cut-rate speed-freak chart man from Riohacha turned out to be federal heat. And he *was*! But I saved the load and hauled it here myself. Now, by God, I want what I *paid* you for, Artie! I just saved your ass from the *Mafia*!" She gestured angrily at the sleek gunsels lurking in the dark, who paid her *no* never mind.

Artie Schulman's reply, delivered in tones that were obviously much more

reasonable and businesslike than hers, was beyond Huey's hearing. "What's going on here?" he asked a young county mountie who was obviously keeping the gunsels under surveillance, from a good distance, in the dark, and was none too happy about all those Belgian rapid-fire automatics, and him with a lousy pump-action wide bore.

The deputy shook his head. "The management-type there is got that lady between some kind of a rock and a hard place," he ventured. "Bunch of blame crooked Mafia hoods, all of 'em. Jesus. Damn sight too many wheels within wheels for *me*. Bunch of scary mother fuckers with their almighty AK 47s. . . Commies, I declare. What the hell's old man O'Possum gone and dipped us in—to *this* time, I'd like to—*hey*! Who in hell are *you*, anyhow? I didn't see you on the way up here."

"I been working on the strip," Huey improvised, gesturing toward the earth-moving gear. "Been here for days." The deputy grunted, and went back to covering the torpedoes who were covering Schulman.

Now the old sheriff was under the lights, conferring with Schulman, while Elinor Henderson, fists clenched and streaked-up face gone fish-belly pale, looked around in desperate rage. Then, to Huey's very special horror, the filthy old Nazi cop magicked up a set of handcuffs from one of his many black leather crisscross straps, and proceeded to cuff Elinor's wrists in front of her. The unforgettable voice of Abra came to him on the mellow Atlantic midnight breeze, conveying Elinor Henderson's formal Miranda rights in its easy, authoritarian tone.

"I've seen enough," announced Huey Reel in a crisp, *hyper*-authoritarian, nonaccented voice. "Officer, I'm aware this puts you on the spot, but now there's no alternative. No alternative at all. How many men do you have at this site, deputy?"

The cop stared at Huey in something very like surgical shock himself, as Huey briskly flipped the black pocket secretary out of his Levi's, and flopped open the ornate golden badge. "Special Agent David Zignatowski of the Federal

"Don't anybody move or you're dead." The suitcase stayed on the toolbox, and the sheriff's bony little arms went up in the air.

Bureau of Investigation," Huey identified himself, then: "See, deputy?" And he held the photo-identification section of the secretary straight in front of the cop's nose. It was quite possible that, with a whole lot more hair all over his face, Huey *might* look something like Zignatowski. They had just about the same coloring, as Elinor had remarked when she gave him the FBI shield as a souvenir, keeping the DEA item for resale.

The deputy, already dumbfounded to the point of panic, needed only a little more levering. "My buddy agent got hurt on the grader yesterday," Huey explained grimly. "Still, I assumed I could bring off the operation all by myself. But I had no *idea* of the extent of Sheriff O'Keefe's involvement in this drugs corruption. Look at all the *money*, for God's sake!"

O'Keefe just then, in fact, had Schulman's metal suitcase open on the grader's toolbox, and was riffling through the rubber-banded wads of bills inside of it, checking professionally for counterfeits. Schulman was saying something gentle to Elinor Henderson, and got a spit-gob on his gaberdine lapel in response.

"Now officer," Huey warned, plucking forth his own felt shirtfront suggestively. "I have to tell you I'm wired for sound. Every word I'm saying is going down on permanent-tape record, not twenty miles from here. And now I ask you. Are you prepared to assist the Government of the United States in apprehending these narcotics criminals?" The cop's face broke into a visible sweat at that; he may have wet himself elsewhere, too. "Your valor in this dangerous situation," Huey said very slowly, "may reflect very favorably on your record, when charges of past offenses of this nature are brought to open court."

That put the spine back in the poor palooka. "I have eighteen men here, sir," he declared. "They're guarding the—they're *surveilling* the off-loading operation, sir," he said very loudly, for the imaginary wire. "Where-all do we want them, sir?"

A few minutes later, just as Sheriff

O'Keefe was relocking the suitcase combination on the grader's toolbox, a savage volley of shotgun fire erupted overhead from all four quarters around the lantern zone. "Police!" a great voice bawled out of nowhere. "Federal police! You're all under arrest. Don't anybody *move*, or you're *dead*!" The metal suitcase stayed on the grader's toolbox, and the sheriff's bony little arms went very cautiously up into the air.

Of course, the Atlantic City casino torpedoes didn't take it nearly so sweetly. The six with automatic weapons instantly whirled around for the darkness, while the others spread themselves flat in the sand, hands over their heads. Disorganized shotgun reports, with terrible bouts of fire, erupted in the night, and somebody in the dark cried out in pain.

Huey never did learn who got hurt, because as soon as he had howled out his police challenge, he darted straight across to Elinor Henderson, seized her around the waist and hauled her straight off toward the dope plane. In passing, he saw Artie Schulman haul some enormous sort of rapid-fire pistol out of his coat pocket and go diving under the grader.

"Good 'God, Huey," gasped Elinor when he finally set her on her feet, far off in the dark, so that she could sprint for her off-loaders on her own legs. "You scared me half to *death*!"

"A stray bullet can take you the whole way, ma'am," advised Huey, dragging her urgently forward by the wristcuffs. Behind them, the night was bloody havoc: pistol fire, shotgun blasts and the sporadic *thwat-thwat-thwat* of Mafia gunsels fire-trained to deliver strictly three-shot bursts. A plaintive wail rose over it: "Agent Zignatowski! Where'd you go?"

"Zignatowski?" asked Elinor Henderson, unbelieving. Then Huey had to carry her the rest of the way to the U-Haul, because she was simply laughing too hard to run by herself.

The tears were still splashing helplessly all over the rest of her remaining eye shadow when Huey propped her up next to the U-Haul's cab. The four other kids were underneath it, as he'd

hoped they'd be.

"How much of the dope did y'all old boys manage to get into this baby?" he asked pleasantly, squatting by the truck bed.

"All but three-five bales and maybe twenty ki's of 'ludes, man," answered the black kid Henry. "What in the name of Mercy's gone and cut loose out *there*, though?"

"A falling-out among thieves, Henry," Elinor Henderson answered him through convulsions of hysteria, up by the cab. "Oh my. Oh, my *land*! Oh, God, Henry... and Huey... Come on. Let's button up this truck and *move*. This is no healthy *place* for honest people."

"Yes'r, Miss Cartwright," all four of them responded, scrambling out. Not two minutes later, as Huey guided the unlighted U-Haul up onto the crumbly cinder smuggler road which had been laid out special to the smuggler strip, the gunfire was still going hot and heavy behind them, along with occasional anguished summonses for someone named Zignatowski.

"Why in the hell are they all *shooting* at each other?" Henry wanted to know, squeezed in the cab with all six of them.

"It's because—" Elinor Henderson was on Henry's lap, and only barely *beginning* to get her breath back. "It's because they've still got *bullets*, don't you know?"

Huey threw a nice big party when he got his Ph.D. last year, at Princeton University in New Jersey. He opened up his whole house for it, a nice, big old comfortable three-story Tudor behind a lot of elegant gardening on Falls-Chapel Lane. Someone who was there got really wasted on 12-year-old scotch and something very, very green from Belize. When this person woke up in the morning, he was administered mass quantities of superior espresso by a woman with hair the color of fine Welsh taffy, and excellent pale straight legs in schoolgirl knee socks. "Huey insists on the knee socks," she remarked once. "I can't figure out why, really, because he's always saying thank *gawd* for older *wimmen*!" □

I WAS A TEENAGE PERFORMANCE ARTIST

Four new show-stoppers who grind up the ugly world of experience, then spit it into the face of the avant-garde.

by Vale and Andrea Juno

To most people, "Performance Art" is neither art nor performance (in the sense of entertainment). If anything, the term triggers a shudder of revulsion as one recalls dreadful evenings in sterile art galleries or warehouse "spaces" experiencing acute boredom due to no-content, uselessly oblique acts by humans pretending to communicate concepts. This catch-all phrase spells instant avoidance to all but the most hardened masochists who still believe there's an "avant-garde." The genre has hardly attracted the most exciting type of people...

Exceptions being these four: Z'ev (N.Y.), Mark Pauline (S.F.), Johanna Went (L.A.) and Non (San Diego). They're comparable to those teenagers in '50s movies who try to warn all the adults about monsters from outer (inner) space. In their short, intense shows, philosophical soliloquy is replaced by black humor, quiet artistic sound effects by overwhelming noise, mincing movements by violent slam-gestures and arty props by dangerous, unpredictable machines. All share a common purpose: to annoy and confuse with a vengeance, bypassing the rational to feed the subconscious. They probe the landscape of dream and nightmare, presenting unforgettable images and trance rhythms dredged from the collective (urban) psychosis. These thrill-killers of art would like to make a clean sweep of everything.

In their own words, Z'ev, Johanna, Mark and Boyd Rice (Non) reveal to Vale and Andrea Juno some of the motivations behind their tortured (and torturing) souls...

Mark Pauline is a director of Survival Research Laboratories since 1979, and pioneer in the use of machines, robots, organic robots, rockets and special-effects devices for the performing arts. His shows feature no human performers whatsoever, being organized entirely around the interactions of menacingly reconstructed industrial equipment, activated through a central control panel and automatic signal generators. Each show explores very specific themes of sociopolitical satire. Past shows have been titled: "Machine Sex"; "Noise"; "Assured Destructive Capability"; "Pornography, Violence & Women"; "Useless Mechanical Activity"; and "A Cruel and Relentless Plot to Pervert the Flesh of Beasts to Unholy Uses."

No two events have been at the same place, for reasons relating to noise levels, fire hazards and general mayhem. Mark's shows have increased in complexity, scope and dimension as he invents more and more machines to present and destroy ideas, and themselves. As this propaganda equipment is much too heavy to be easily and affordably transported, the shows of Mark Pauline remain for Bay Area residents only, but several videotapes are available. A documentary film by Andrea Juno will soon be available from Re/Search Publications.

HIGH TIMES: What was your Fort Mason performance about?

Mark: Specifically, "Mysteries of the Reactionary Mind: an exploration of the mechanics underlying reactionary



thought." Everyone likes to think they have specific ideas about things like religion and politics, so naturally, if you promote something on the basis of politics, people are going to be thinking of what you do in those terms. Whether it has anything to do with that or not, people are going to try to read into it. All the images in it were just devil and horror images pretty much, like a reactionary horror movie.

There was the devil on a moving platform with the bags of brown and black liquid that had bombs behind them—he was moving into position, jockeying, fighting against the radio car with the big claw that was stabbing at him, firing rockets at him. Then there was the clawing arms getting dragged across the ground, smashing after it went up a ramp. Then there was the stabbing arm which was stabbing pictures and blowing up the faces of those unfortunate people who presumably were tortured souls—tortured by reactionary thought.



Bobby Adams

Mark Pauline: "It excites me to think that I can cause trouble."

Then there was the BB machine firing at the glass—

HIGH TIMES: Whose huge face was that?

Mark: Oh, that was Lucretia Borgia's father in Fritz Lang's film—her father was really mad at her because she had poisoned some people. That was the picture of him really mad. He had his face ripped off by a spitting spike ball and then brown stuff squirted out from it.

That was what it was. I don't know what connection it had to the poster, but those were some of the ideas and images you could have seen.

HIGH TIMES: What about the "Unfortunate Spectacle of Violent Self-Destruction"?

Mark: That was a little more thematic and consistent throughout; I'd been thinking all along that this should be a show about accidents. There was a lot of equipment there that had... ac-

cidents; a lot of equipment was destroyed. I tried to make sure that the things that were destroyed were as helpless as possible—things were really tied down, roped up, like the big skeletal man, Flippy Man, that got hauled way up in the air and then crashed; and the robot thing whose heads kept blowing up; and the catapult firing at the huge face. Just all these things, like a guy getting hit in the head with a rock who tried to sue me... breaking a girl's windshield with the ball bearings that got thrown into the blower... accidents. I emptied a five-pound bag into this big blower; the bearings went past where people were and broke this windshield of a car.

HIGH TIMES: Can you describe what you do for someone who's never seen you?

Mark: I use all these different *tangible* devices to conjure up, for anyone who's



Vale

The many faces of Johanna Went.

going to come in contact with it, very specific ideas, with very specific promotion, so that people come there, and they see all this stuff set up. Then they see it start to act. I've come to the conclusion that if you can throw as many specific and defined images and ideas in as short a space of time as you can, you can end up having a real profound effect on people. And that's pretty much what all these shows and all the equipment is geared to.

The machines have a lot of advantages in that respect. If you start having human performers you're very limited, because there are too many preconceived notions. By using machines you can escape that. I don't have any specific dogmas I think anyone else should believe in, but I like the idea of throwing up a lot of information and having it affect people any which way it can, as Clint Eastwood says.

HIGH TIMES: How did you get to the point where you realized you could do a performance?

Mark: I'd been thinking about six months before, "God, I've got to do something; I've got to take advantage of my training." I had all this training in all these areas that I didn't use anymore. So I started doing things like randomly going around and breaking into all these industrial places, just because I didn't really know what to do with myself—I was just looking around for something else to do. So, I started breaking into all these places. And I saw all this cool stuff and I brought it home, and started getting a lot of it. And after awhile—I started thinking I should do things with machines.

You can make an object and inevitably it falls into the category of sculpture, and becomes just another part of the art world that I was not interested in having to deal with. So to keep it out of that category, I put it into the scheme of the performance: I'd spend months and months making this equipment and do a show that lasted only ten minutes—which makes the whole thing more absurd and ridiculous and pointless. I wanted to see if you could spend all that time and distill it down into those few minutes and—would it still be worth doing? It worked okay for me, and I continued to make more sophisticated devices as well as cruder devices, and bigger things.

Now I'm trying to make more sophisticated things that are smaller and have more possibilities for output.

HIGH TIMES: What ideas of yours haven't changed?

Mark: Well, I've always liked to think

that I can stir up trouble. It excites me to think that I can cause trouble. Not just annoy people, but in more of an open-ended way annoy people in a way that confuses them.

HIGH TIMES: What limits you, besides money?

Mark: I just bend limitations that come up. Once all the machines had to stay in one place and none of them could really move around. Then I ran into the problem of too many cords to control the things that moved around, so I made machines that could move around by themselves—radio-controlled equipment. I got around the problem of a few complicated pieces of equipment not working right by branching out and throwing in a lot of real simple devices that were gonna just work no matter what happened. Then I did a lot more things with stuff hanging on cables, to bring more of a three-dimensional feeling to it.

I guess the latest things are a more technical approach—the burning laser, and now the flying machines—having aerial robots that can fly around. It can go on from there—I have millions of ideas if I could do them; there's enough ideas where you could kind of keep doing more or less the same thing for years, or at least as long as I live.

Johanna Went grew up in a housing project in Seattle; it would have been easy to succumb to her poor white trash milieu and become a welfare mother with five children. A chance encounter with theater innovator Tom Murrin resulted in several years' involvement in street theater, including a tour of Europe and America.

Out of dreams and endless foraging in thrift stores and garbage bins, Johanna has created by sewing, gluing, collaging and painting, the vivid props and dolls for her shows—all of which involve sex, food, liquids, meat, meat by-products and destruction. The constant theme in her shows is transformation—from birth (or abortion) to death.

Set against a background of very loud noise/rhythm, Johanna's show is more a furiously energetic trance-state than the performance of a rational being. Then again, this is not real time—a slow-motion drug would be needed to comprehend all the images, symbols, details and gestures crammed into the 15 or 20 minutes of a Johanna Went show. Definitely not for the cleanliness-and-order set, this is sheer fun and black humor masquerading as modern art.

Johanna Went has a 45 available on Boyd Rice's Graybeat Records, *Slave Be-*

yond the Grave/NO U NO, and a new album, Hyena.

HIGH TIMES: How do you prepare for your shows? I get the impression it takes months—

Johanna: It doesn't take that long. It depends. I gather up a lot of stuff, things, junk, articles, just items. You know—Styrofoam, plastic, cardboard, clothes, shoes, food things—any object, anything you can think of—Kotex, sandwiches, tools, anything. And then I just kind of think about different things—what I dream about, what I see every day or somebody I'll be fascinated with, and somehow I'll use them in my show. Or a movie that I saw—all these kinds of things affect me. And then when I put together my show, I try not to think a lot—I try to just do it without thinking too much. I just glue things together and paint things and make things look like something that I like! Then I take all these things to where I'm going to do a show, and the musicians come and play whatever it is they want to play, and then I sing anything that comes out of my mouth. And then there's lots of blood and messy things and then I fall down and it's all over.

HIGH TIMES: Well, you pay a lot of attention to details—I remember at one show, you had a little naked baby doll (it was just a small part of your costume)—you couldn't even really see it across the stage, yet you'd glued pubic hair on it.

Johanna: You saw it! That was just a little joke for myself. I like to give myself little jokes; I like to entertain myself.

HIGH TIMES: At the "On Broadway" show, you became a huge Statue of Liberty—that suddenly started to spew blood all over the audience—

Johanna: I'd made the Statue of Liberty, the whole costume, and when I brought it up to San Francisco I asked Mark Pauline if he could do something to it to make it spit blood. He hooked up this pump and it was really great—I wasn't sure if it was going to work and then all of a sudden it started squirting blood into the audience—I couldn't believe it. It worked really good! Just what I wanted.

HIGH TIMES: What was the most extreme performance you ever did?

Johanna: Most extreme? I don't know—I used to do a lot of street performances that in a way were more extreme than what I do now, just because of the different environments. Probably the most extreme—at least the one that everybody always talks about—was when I did a performance with a

dead cat, probably because the cat was dead and people were upset by it because they thought I killed it. Which I didn't—I do not kill cats. But I don't know, because I have trouble remembering performances—

HIGH TIMES: Because you go into a trance during them?

Johanna: Sometimes I can't remember a lot—like right after the performances I can't remember anything, and then I ask people what happened or people tell me different things that happened. Or sometimes when I clean up the stuff I can kind of remember. It's really hard to remember.

HIGH TIMES: At the "On Broadway" show you had a birth.

Johanna: It was a baby devil—it came out of the devil; that wasn't me. The devil gave birth to the baby devil. He was the devil sleeping in his bed, and he woke up—he had a bad stomachache—there was a baby inside of his stomach. What a surprise, right? And the baby had a whole bunch of stuff over him—afterbirth, or something. It was silly, wasn't it? I can't stand the devil—so silly-looking with those horns.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think about pornography? At one show you had a huge collage/costume made out of hundreds of color photos from porno magazines.

Johanna: See, I think that genitals are interesting for a lot of different reasons. I've always been curious at opportunities to see other naked people. But I think that pornography definitely is not interesting to most women, because it really is insulting to women. Most pornography places women in the position of—well, placing them in positions! Which is dull—I'm not interested in that at all. I get a little pissed off at the women for allowing themselves to be used that way for money. And at the same time I understand: I know what it's like to be broke. I know when people get broke, it's hard.

I have real mixed feelings about pornography. I always have mixed feelings about saying, "This shouldn't be allowed." Yet at the same time I have feelings where I just say, "How come people are so stupid?" "How can they buy this stuff?" "How can they keep continuing on with it?" Also, I find a lot of pornography really humorless. I guess I really like things that are funny. And anything's funny. I really liked "The Tylenol Murders"—I just loved the name. I mean, it's really horrible when you think it could be you—that you just take a little aspirin or something and then you're dead—but at the same time it

seems so funny, all of it on TV—it seems like a cartoon. I think this is how things get out of hand—pretty soon *everything seems like a cartoon, or else it seems like it's on TV.*

HIGH TIMES: Then you have the Tylenol imitations—

Johanna: Now they call them "The Copycat Killers." I love all these silly words, like copycat—that almost sounds like Krazy Kat, one of those cartoon characters.

HIGH TIMES: The mass media are responsible for these copycat phenomena—

Johanna: They are; they love these ideas of these murderers, and then they really build it up and people get all excited. It's sad! but true.

HIGH TIMES: Most of these murderers turn out to be men; women are a bit behind on that avenue of human progress—

Johanna [sadly]: I know, I know. I had hopes when that little girl in San Diego shot all those people—Brenda Spencer. I really had hopes; I thought, "This is a good sign: young, smart girl."

HIGH TIMES: She hated Mondays—

Johanna: That's what you read in the paper. I'm sure if you talked with her she'd give you a whole list of things she hated—and her dad was probably right up at the top, with the principal.

HIGH TIMES: Well, she got the principal.

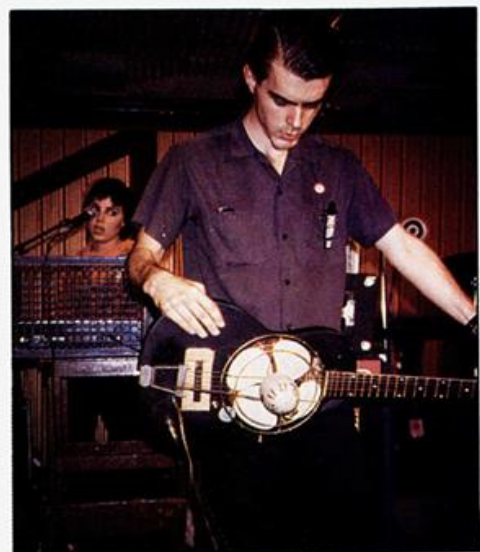
Johanna: She did? Well, I just can't believe that there aren't more sex-mutilation murders done by women to men, kind of random ones. Like a lot of ones.

HIGH TIMES: Well, maybe women are too smart to do things like that.

Johanna: Well, they really have to think about a lot more things just to survive, I think. It's just that—if you, all the time, have to worry about if somebody's gonna try and rape you, or beat the shit out of you, or take your money; or somebody makes more money than you, or you're poor, whatever—if you have to think about these things all the time, it's harder to plan these other things out! Whereas, if you have a certain amount of safety in your life just by the fact that you're a man—you *definitely* have a certain amount more: you can move easier at night. There are so many different things that you don't even have to *think* about. So you just have more time to think about doing other things that you want to do. I mean, I definitely think there could be as many murders done by women; I think about this all the time. I haven't come up with an answer.

Also, I've always felt that it's really bad that women don't go into the army

"I'd made the Statue of Liberty costume... all of a sudden it started squirting blood into the audience..."



Non (Boyd Rice) living dangerously with his homemade ax.

and learn how to use guns, and actually have to *think* about and realize that you could kill somebody with your bare hands. Probably a lot of women get raped by men that have been in the service, who have learned real killing techniques, fighting techniques, and yet these women didn't get the same training—for a lot of reasons. It's really bad that they don't. I think that women should be given killing classes—not just fighting classes, but Killing Classes—How to Kill. How to kill *so that you know that you can kill. So that you know that you can do it.* How to kill someone with your hands, with yourself, with your body. So that you really got the feeling for *what you could do.* And a small person can kill a big person—the possibilities are endless. I just really think that women should be trained to kill. And if that happened, I think that would make a real *positive* change—more than anything! More than any-

thing else that I could think of.

Since 1977 Non (Boyd Rice) has systematically set out to destroy every assumption held sacred in the recording or performance of music. His first album, with a label showing pieces of records spread out on a floor, was more than a critique—the recording actually was a compilation of excerpts from many records, treated. (For example, Boyd assembled one track out of every time Lesley Gore sang the word “cry.”) The next 45 was the first to offer extended possibilities for listener-modified playback, with 2 to 4 (he would have liked more) holes in the center for multi-axial rotation. The history of Non-musical innovation is documented and still available on Mute Records. Two new albums will soon be released.

Non's live performances offer sheer (but varied) noise at the pain threshold—the objective being to offer the listener personal freedom to impose shape, rhythms and organization on the offered input. He's used a shoe polisher, a guitar with a fan on it, as well as processed tapes of sounds generated by his own inventions. Cut in are various subliminals taken from sources like the last 45 minutes at Jonestown, quotations from newspaper headlines (“Water Balloon Prank Fatal to Pedestrian”) and excerpts from tapes made at Disneyland, Playland, Winchell's Donuts and other fun spots.

Non considers his performances “de-indoctrination rites”—as he once said, “I think that most music is dangerous because it tends to systematize thought—you think in patterns—you know what's coming before you even hear it...” After two European tours and numerous American dates, Non still succeeds in outraging audiences anywhere, especially music lovers.

Currently, Boyd Rice is completing a guide to Incredibly Strange Films, co-written with Jim Morton of Trashola, soon to be published by Re/Search.

HIGH TIMES: In your earlier performances you used a shoe-polishing machine and other devices—

Non: Actually we used real devices so that people could see more real sound being made right before their eyes. We could use a shoe polisher as an instrument, playing it through a guitar, changing the settings, and get amazing frequencies. We had a roto-guitar too—a guitar with a fan on it.

HIGH TIMES: Who made that?

Non: I did—it was an obvious idea to produce more noise with less effort—it sounded like a squadron of bombers taking off. I was always interested in

the idea of *doing less and getting more*. Actually, when I first thought of the idea of making music, I invented instruments that would play the kind of music I wanted to play. I wanted a whole orchestra of instruments that you'd be able to set up a certain way and then just turn them on and they'd be working at the same time, producing repetitive music. But then eventually I figured out a way to do it much easier, so I thought, “Why build this whole orchestra of instruments (and drag them around) when I can just do something extremely simple and get the same effects?”

HIGH TIMES: So now your act is extremely portable?

Non: Extremely. I can put all my instruments in a lunch pail. I use tape recorders as musical instruments. I don't use them just as playback machines, I use them as instruments to get sounds out of that I wouldn't be able to get out of anything else. It's a very simple way of doing things.

HIGH TIMES: At one performance you cut in a tape of the last hours of Jonestown. Have you mixed in spoken tapes right from the start?

Non: At one performance we used an indoctrination tape before we went on. It started out with kind of conventional material that people would like, then it got less conventional—sort of a subtle blend of these songs, getting more and more away from what people are used to. It was a hokey thing to do—obviously it wasn't going to work, but I liked the idea of it.

I also had taped quotes from the Manson girls saying things like, “Rich people better watch out!” that were funny, but would get people in a certain mood.

HIGH TIMES: Which performances have made people the angriest?

Non: In New York I was one of the first people in years to actually get catcalls! People were screaming, “I want my seven-fifty back!” And in Den Haag, they were *real angry*. They *really* disliked me. At the show I had these bright lights shining in their eyes so they could barely see me—they were trying to reach up and smash the lights, but the lights were just out of their reach. One guy in front who was a real hard-core punk was rolling around with his hands over his ears, actually crying—he had tears in his eyes. Somebody threw a beer glass that hit me on the forehead. And it broke, and I could feel this throbbing pain—it had a little bit of beer in it, and the beer ran down my face and I thought it was blood. I continued to be real friendly to the audience, which

made them even madder, because they were so mad, and I didn't care! They were shaking their fists at me, and I thought that at any minute there'd be a riot. So I took it as far as I thought I could, and then thanked them and left.

HIGH TIMES: This was at an overwhelming volume?

Non: Yes. I always tell them I want maximum volume, but *they're afraid*. You need to have somebody right there to push it up a little louder when they turn it down. Like when Daniel Miller [head of Mute Records] does the sound, he does it real loud. One time I got the best vocal effect ever—my voice was completely *Arrrh-aggrrrrh-arrrh*. And at the time I thought, “God, what's he doing to those vocals?” A couple days later I asked him, “Hey, Daniel, what'd you do to those vocals a couple nights ago?” And he said, “Oh, that must have been the night you blew the speakers.” I think that because I was mad about something, he turned it up extra loud that night, just to be nice.

Z'ev, now a resident of New York, is a percussionist with found/assembled kinetic sculptures—metal and plastic tubes, tubs, pans, bottles, sheets, springs, strung together or not, hurtled around the stage, beat upon with mallets or sticks but orchestrated for contrasts and crescendos of rhythmic noise, in an athletic/dance feat dangerous to performer and audience alike (performer must wear knee and elbow pads).

Z'ev started out in 1978 playing countless 15-minute sets at the Mabuhay in San Francisco and getting nowhere. A turning point came in 1979 when he risked all for an East Coast tour and received serious recognition at last. Subsequently, he has played countless shows in Europe and the United States, alternating between New York and Belgium as bases of operation.

Z'ev, who's also known as Yoel, Shaoul, Uns, Raks Works, GDG, Element L, Deesse, Magneet Bond and Stefan Weisser, has released a number of records on Lust/Unlust, Fetish, Vinyl and Backlash, with his newest album appearing on the Subterranean label...

HIGH TIMES: What do you think you have in common with, say, Mark Pauline, Boyd, Throbbing Gristle or Johanna Went?

Z'ev: The concept of being a cultural revolutionary—more the concept of being a cultural *subversive*. Like, a perfect metaphor being Throbbing Gristle, at their shows, putting huge mirrors on stage so the audience would be look-

ing at themselves. It's like that, where you're holding up this mirror to people, dealing within this sphere while breaking as many rules as it's possible to break, and you're trying to educate that audience as much as possible, and *empower* that audience—I think most of the people involved would be just as happy for the audience to get out of their apathy and start doing *something*. In America, people have just been so demoralized to their own *power* to where they don't think that their voice has any say, so they just become this consumer of whatever Nixon, Reagan, television show, pop band, new wave is around.

HIGH TIMES: How is your politics manifested in your sound performances?

Z'ev: Through a broad definition—the politics of culture and consumerism. On one level it's a double-edged sword, in that you do something and somebody listens to it—it's that system. But, UNS, for example, makes a music that just listening to you'd think used a huge studio, whereas it's just cassette recorders, skipping record players and an old organ. Z'ev uses these *metals*, and has to do with the fact that you can go out and build and create your own music—you don't have to go out to a store and buy the latest musical things. It is on one level anticonsumer technology ("to be able to do something you have to spend a certain amount of money, get the state-of-the-art this and that").

I've always been very committed to *low-tech* as opposed to high-tech! In Europe, a lot of bands are starting to use metals in percussion, to get a richness and variety of texture and timbre that one would normally go to a synthesizer for. Whereas in America there's still this concept in people's heads that a five thousand dollar synthesizer is going to make them a better musician.

HIGH TIMES: I think that even more basic than all that is the fact that what you're doing is based on stolen, recycled, discarded and reutilized products.

Z'ev: The stealing is one aspect, the recycling is another. It involves *looking for a solution*. If I go somewhere, like to a junkyard, my sense is developed to the extent that I can look at something and have an idea what it will sound like.

HIGH TIMES: Whether to take it home or leave it lying there.

Z'ev: Right. But then there's lots of pieces that I'll get that will stick around for quite a while before I figure out what the hell to do with them.

The thievery has to do with—basically, Mercury on one level is the god of learning and *communication*, and on the other level is the god of thieves! The

thievery is more of an occult situation, even though thievery is a political act on a certain level—it's shaped by certain socioeconomic inequities. You know, taking from those who have, who can afford it and don't give it—forcing them to sponsor you, so to speak!

HIGH TIMES: A lot of them don't even miss it, probably—

Z'ev: No, I think a lot of them *are* starting to miss it, because since last year, when I came back, a couple of the places I went to visit that had never had burglar alarms now had them. So apparently I was making my presence felt!

But that was something that developed through childhood—first childhood crime... subsequent crimes... present crimes. Thievery's been completely consistent with me all of my life! Way back then I didn't have the rationalization, if that's what you want to call it, that I do now. But the thefts that I did, say in 1980, were done as *rituals*.

There's another level of working with the thievery, which has to do with the very big premium I put on *risk* in the production of works. So I feel that at the very basic beginning of the process, which means the accumulations of the materials which are then going to get used in a performance—since the risk is such a big part in the performance aspect, I try to keep it *consistent* throughout the process. You're out there on the level of getting caught, *doing time*, as opposed to just going into a store and buying something. It's standing up for what you believe in, on a certain level.

HIGH TIMES: Communication is important to you; do you feel you talk through the drums you've invented?

Z'ev: It's very traditional that the drum is synonymous with communication in most cultures; in Africa they say, "*I got it on the drum.*" There is this language to rhythm where there's a meta-message occurring—almost a mathematical situation with repetition, refrain, like formulas repeated and transmuted this way and that way.

HIGH TIMES: Have you ever considered yourself in the context of, say, those master drummers of Burundi?

Z'ev: I've studied ethnomusicology, but I wouldn't want to *call myself* a master drummer. Most of those situations where there is a master drummer—those are drumming systems where the drumming is directly related to either ritual use, or communicational use. And because that's also where I'm coming from, my performance has evolved along the same levels. Like, some drummers are somewhat annoyed by it because it's so simple—in

"I'm committed to low-tech... There is this concept that a \$5,000 synthesizer will make you a better musician."



Andrea Juno

Z'ev rattles those pots and pans during a recent performance.

most Western drumming, like in jazz or rock, there are these very nifty little patterns with a lot of fast technique—like trying to squeeze as many notes into a given space as is possible. Myself, I'm always trying to play as little as possible, so that the effect of what you're doing can actually sink in.

HIGH TIMES: How much are you consciously aware of what you're doing while you're drumming?

Z'ev: Like the recent piece that I did which was about twelve minutes—I was consciously aware for maybe three or four of those minutes, and the rest of the time there was this level where I would have no idea what I was actually playing. Because you get a basic groove, as it were, and then you let that groove groove itself, show itself. And that's so the actual message of it can appear—the process of pure form.

In the summer of '80 I was working with a Haitian man, and learned quite a

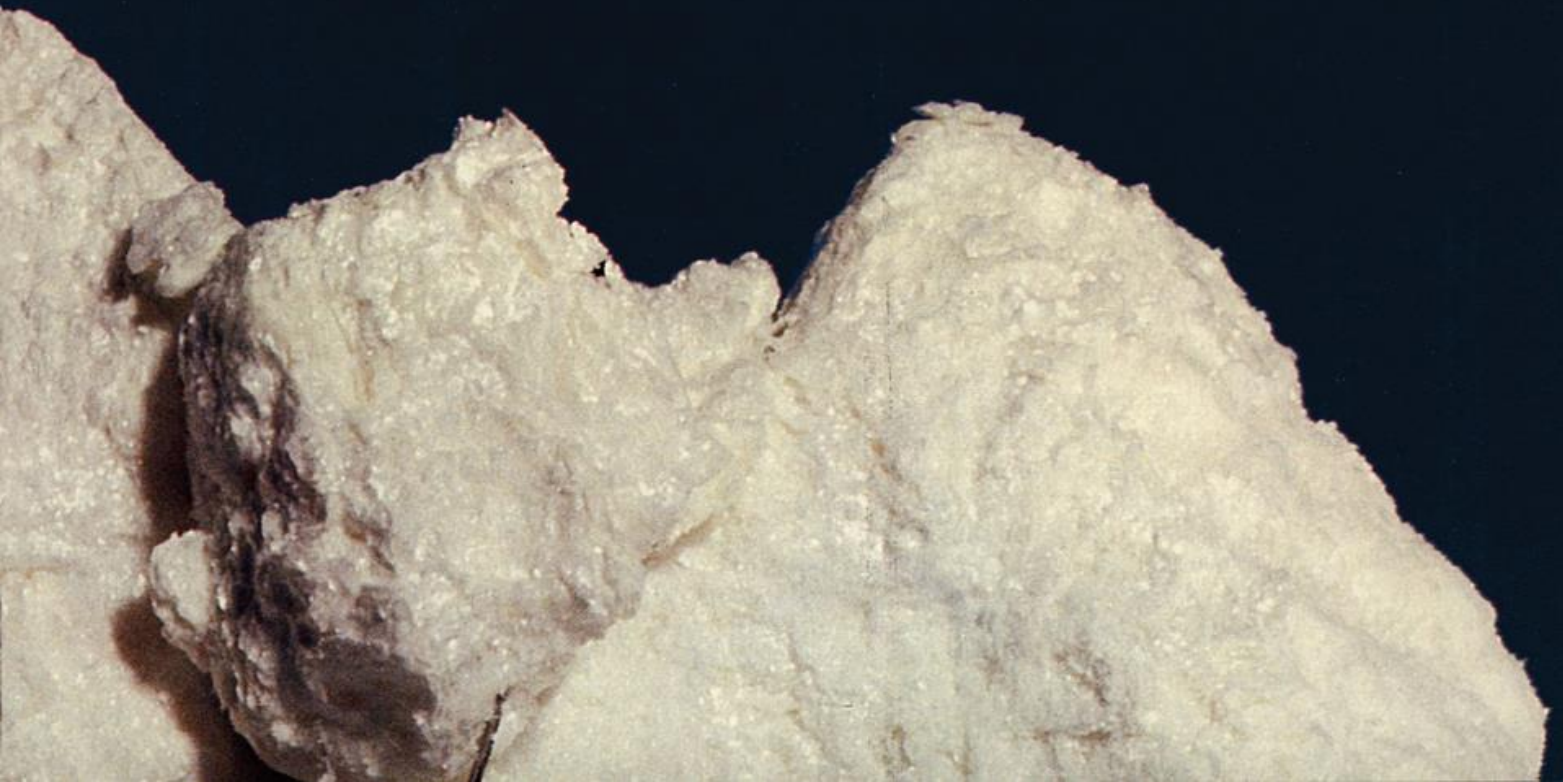
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OUR MAN ON THE MOON



Hey diddle diddle
Here's a fine riddle
Who deals the coke on the moon?

Well, he drinks beer alone
He loves to phone home
He's the ExtraTerrestrial loon



I SAVED DAD FROM A MARIJUANA FREAKOUT: A TRUE-LIFE STORY OF PERSONAL HEROISM

by George Barkin

He was my father and he was having a freakout.

"A what?" I shouted into the telephone.

"You know, a freakout. He took some of that pot your cousin Bernard grows, but this time—"

"Who, ma?"

"Your cousin Bernard. You didn't know that Bernard was a potgrower?"

"Bernie's been dealing dad dope?"

"What dealing. He just gives him a little bit every now and then so your father won't have to buy from strangers. But this time he asked Bernard for his *good stuff*. 'Gimme the good, gimme the good,' he keeps yelling. So Bernard gives him the good and now he's lying on my brand-new bedspread talking like a crazy person. 'I'm not in this world, I'm not in this world' he keeps saying. He's asking for you, he says you'll know what to do. George, please, get over here and help your father."

"Okay, mom. Try and keep him calm. Tell him he's just having a bad reaction to the pot he smoked, and that in a little while everything will be all right. I'm on my way."

Now, some of you might be thinking, wow and far out, here's a family that's really got its shit together. The nephews are dealing to the uncles, the fathers are turning on with the mothers, and if somebody's old man freaks out, his kid's right there to talk him down. Not true. Take it from me, friend, you don't know what ugliness is until you've tried to convince your father that his wife (*your mother!*) should not be walking in Spandau with Rudolf Hess for crimes committed during Uncle Stan and Aunt Lillian's 25th wedding anniversary. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I immediately called Bernard to see just exactly what kind of shit he'd unloaded on my father. As far as I knew, the kid grew and dealt nothing but ditchweed, with the occasional bootleg Quaalude when he was hard up for cash.

"Bernie?"

"Hey, George, how ya—"

"What'd you give my father, moron?"

"Whattya mean? Oh, the smoke—"

"Yeah, the smoke, asshole. What kind did you give him?"

"Oh, wow, I really gave him some great shit, man. The kind he was askin' for—Hawaiian-Thai cross, second generation. I scored about an ounce last week, you know, just for my head, but I figured—"

"*Wacky weed!* You give a seventy-year-old man with a bad heart *wacky weed!* Are you out of your mind? My mother just called hysterical because my father's freaking out on that shit. So help me, if anything happens to him I'm gonna—"

"Don't worry, man, just get over there and cool him out. I'm sure it's gonna be okay."

"Well, it better be, for your sake as well as his—and listen, uh, you think you'd be able to spare me a couple joints of that stuff?"

I got to my parents' house about an hour after my mother's call. At first I didn't think they were home. The place was quiet and clean. The hall rug was freshly vacuumed; the large breakfront in the living room had just been polished. It radiated with pictures of aunts and uncles, knickknacks from the Holy Land, high-school diplomas and birthday cards that were seven months old. Maybe she took him to the hospital, I thought. Or maybe he took her to the basement. The basement! Where he keeps his *power tools!* I rushed downstairs, half expecting to see dad, chain saw in hand, explaining to my mother that, yes, perhaps he didn't know the right way to carve *turkey*, but with a Sears Master Craftsman he was a regular Julia Child.

Of course there was no one in the basement, and all the power tools were present and accounted for. Realizing that I was acting more like Harry J. Anslinger than an experienced son of the '60s, I cooled the reefer madness bit and went upstairs to look for my family.

I found my mother on her hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor.

"George, thank God; you don't know what's going on. I'm afraid to go in there. I asked if he wanted a little tea, and he gave me such a look, like... like I don't know what." She got up off the floor and stood wringing her hands in the middle of the kitchen.

"See, I have the stick he was smoking right here." She rummaged in her house-dress and pulled out a fat bomber that'd been smoked about halfway down.

"I was all set to take him to see Dr. Greenberg, but he insisted on waiting for you. Go in to him, he's inside." She nodded toward the bedroom door.

My father was sitting on the bed with his back to me, facing the window.

"Hello, son," he said without turning around.

"Hello, dad."

"I'm on a real bumper, I guess your mother told you."

"Well, actually she told me that you were having a freakout."

"Is there a difference?" he blurted.

I walked over and sat on the bed next to him.

"Calm down, dad, you're not having a bumper or freaking out, or going through any sort of thing like that—it's really no big deal. All that's happened is that you've smoked some pot—some pretty strong pot—to which you're unaccustomed."

"I asked Bernie for the good," he broke in, eager to supply any detail that might help me in evaluating the exact state of his present condition.

"And he gave you the good," I continued, "but the good was a bit too strong and it's made you feel frightened, anxious, a little confused..."

"Your mother's trying to kill me with poisoned tea—"

"...and paranoid. But the important thing—the *most important thing*—is to remember that it's only the pot that's making you feel this way, and in a little while, when the effects wear off, you're going to feel one hundred percent okay. That's something you've got to understand. *There's absolutely nothing wrong with you at all.* Now just relax and wait



"You don't think he was serious about writing up the story of my freakout in his magazine, honey?"

would be absolutely impossible.

"Let's not go through this again. Whichever suit you want to wear is the one you'll be cremated in. It doesn't matter to me, really."

"It doesn't matter to you. It doesn't matter to you? What do you mean it doesn't matter to you! It certainly doesn't matter to me. I'm going to be dead. Burned up, roasted alive in a blast furnace at one thousand eight hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the flesh melting off my face like ice cream on a hot day. They can wrap me in dish towels for all I care! Why should it matter to me what they put on a dead body, so when they look at me in the casket—which, by the way, you'll make sure is nothing more than a plain pine box; no silver, no brass, no nothing—everyone will think I was some kind of big shot? Horseshit!" He lunged over to the closet and grabbed a pair of slacks.

"Here, feel. You can't buy a gaberdine like this anymore. They just don't make it! Or how about this." He reached in and pulled out a Ralph Lauren Harris Tweed sports coat. "Here, it's from the whatchamacallit collection. Turn around and let me see how it looks." He spun me around, checking the shoulders, back and cuffs, and when he was satisfied, patted me on the back and exclaimed, "Perfect fit!"

"Yeah, but—"

"What but, it's brand new! George, listen." He moved closer to me and his voice became somber. "Do you know how good that jacket looks on you—not only that jacket, but my summer-weight three-piece suit from Barney's, the overcoat I bought last year when I went on vacation to Canada with your mother, the tuxedo I wore to your sister's wedding, all my cashmere sweaters—do you have any idea how good they look on you?" I'd never seen my father this serious before in my whole life, and it was starting to give me the creeps.

"Well, sure, they look okay, but—"

"Stop right there. For argument's sake, let's say they look 'just okay.' Now isn't it better that my clothes look 'just

for the smoke to work its way out of your head. It won't take very long, believe me. Trust me. I'm your son and I love you. *You're going to be all right.*"

Near the end of my rap dad got up from the bed and moved toward the center of the room, taking great care to position himself directly beneath the light fixture that hung from the ceiling. His eyes were whipping around in his head, shooting from door to window to chandelier. In the corners of his mouth little balls of saliva were beginning to form. Obviously, he hadn't heard a word I'd said. It looked like trouble. It looked like paranoid toxic psychosis.

"My mouth feels salty. If there's nothing wrong with me, why does my mouth feel salty, huh? Can you tell me that, Mister Wise Guy, Mister Timothy Leary Big Shot?"

I let out a sigh of relief. Not too weird, I thought—nothing I couldn't handle.

"Dad, your mouth feels salty because the pot makes you hypersensitive to stuff you'd never even notice if you weren't high. You know that, you've smoked before."

"Yeah, sure, I've smoked before, but never again, George, never again. I swear to God, if I make it through this freakout I'll never touch another stick of that stuff again. And let me tell you something, if you were smart you'd do the same. Do you hear me? Now go and open my closet door," he said, and began making loud sucking noises with his lips and tongue.

"George, which is the least favorite suit, or sports jacket and slacks combination you see in there? Take your time in deciding because this is very important." I knew what was coming. We'd been through it a hundred times before. It was exasperating enough dealing with it when he was straight. Stoned, it

"Don't worry, not our son. He'd never drag our names through the mud like that."

okay' on you, my son, than very good, or even great, on a total stranger?' 'Cause that's what will happen. That's *exactly* what will happen. Your mother will take all my clothes and give them away. I'll be dead, and strange men will be walking their dogs wearing my Windbreakers; some bastard will be going to work in my Burberry overcoat... my slacks from Farah—I *won't let it happen!* Because, if you don't take these clothes—and I'm talking about the whole damn wardrobe—I'll have my lawyer stipulate that they are to be burnt along with me. So now tell me, what are you going to do?" Dad sunk back down onto the bed and stared at his hands. He looked drawn and tired. It had been at least two hours since he'd toked up. My father, by all estimations, should have been on his way down. In fact, the thought had crossed my mind more than once in the last five minutes that he already was down. I was starting to feel a little spacy myself.

"Well, dad," I said, "I still don't understand why it means so much to you, but—"

"No more buts," he broke in. "If you don't want my clothes that's fine with me—*suit yourself!*" He stopped speaking and our eyes met. An instant later he was convulsing with laughter. He tumbled off the bed and fell to his knees, beating the floor with his fists, laughing out his pun. I was sure he was going to have a coronary.

"Suit yourself, hahahawhooowhooo! Suit yourself! Suit yourself, hahaha. Whoooaghghhhh!" He pulled himself up off the floor and climbed onto the chest of drawers.

"*Suit yourself.* Whoahaghghhhh. YES! YES, YES!"

"George, George, what's going on in there?" My mother was banging on the door. "Please, open up, please, I'm ashamed for the neighbors!" I didn't blame her. The old man was making quite a ruckus. I stepped outside, reasoning that by this time she needed cooling out as much as my father did.

"Don't worry, mom, everything's under control," I lied. "Dad told a little

joke and it broke him up. He's just laughing in there, that's all. Honest." She smiled weakly. She wanted to believe me.

"That's some jokester you've got in there," she said. "George, this whole thing here has gotten me so nervous I'm almost tempted to take a puff on one of those sticks myself. Who knows, he's got me so crazy already with his looks and his laughing and his everything else—a puff off one of his sticks might do me some good. It doesn't sound like he's having such a bad time in there."

"Ma, *please*, not now. I gotta go back in there and see how he's doing. Don't worry, okay? Everything's coming along fine."

Back inside the bedroom I found my father lying quietly on the bed. I walked over and called to him softly.

"Dad, dad, are you all right?" He was sound asleep. I pulled up a chair

and waited till I felt sure that everything was cool. Then, after reassuring my mother, I dragged myself out of their house.

A couple of hours and a six-pack of Budweiser later, weaving up the stairs to my apartment, I heard the telephone ringing. It kept ringing for a long time, long enough for me to drop my keys twice before letting myself in.

"George?"

"Dad! How you feelin'?"

"Fine, son, just fine. For a while there I felt a bit peculiar, but—"

"But now you're okay, huh, dad?"

"Yeah, I'm okay now, but—"

"But what, dad? What's the matter?"

"Well, it's your mother, son. She's just finished polishing the eggplant for tonight's dinner, and now she's arguing with the microwave over how it should be cooked. How soon can you get here?" □



HIGH TIMES HIGH TIMES HIGH

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HOME RUN

Beware, the bartender who receives too much tips, ass and admiration; someone is out to serve your brains a Louisville slugger.



I guess I was 28 about that time and I wasn't working but I had a little money because I had lucked it at the track—finally. It was around 9 P.M., I had been drinking in my room for a couple of hours. I was fairly drunk and I came out of my room and started walking down the street and I came to this bar across the street from my usual bar and for some reason I went in. It was a lot cleaner and fancier in there than my bar and I thought, well, maybe I'll luck on a class piece of ass. I sat down a few seats from the entrance, took a stool a couple away from this girl. She was alone and there was a gang of four or five people, men and women, at the other end of the bar. The barkeep was down there talking to them and laughing. I must have sat three or four minutes, he just kept talking and laughing. I hated those pricks, they drank all they wanted, got tips, got ass, got admiration.

I pulled out a pack of smokes. Tapped one out. No matches. None on the bar. I looked at the lady.

"Pardon me, got a light?"

Irritated, she dug into her purse. She came up with a book of matches. Then without looking at me, she tossed them down.

"Keep 'em," she said.

She had long hair and a good body. She had on a fake mink and a little fur hat. I watched her tilt her head back after sucking at her smoke and she exhaled a blast upwards like she knew some damned thing. Those are the kind you like to belt-buckle.

The barkeep kept ignoring me.

I picked up an ashtray, held it about two feet above the bar and dropped it. That got him. He came on down, trodding on the boards. He was a big one, maybe 6-2 and one-half, 265. Some fat around the gut, but big shoulders, big head, big hands. He was handsome in a dumb kind of way, a strand of drunken hair hanging over one eye.

"Double Cutty Sark on the rocks," I told him.

"Good thing you didn't break that ashtray," he said.

"Good thing you heard it," I answered.

The boards creaked and cracked as he walked on down to mix the drink.

"I hope he doesn't throw in a Mickey," I said to the girl in the fake mink.

"Jimmy's nice," she said. "Jimmy doesn't do things like that."

"I've never met a nice guy named 'Jimmy,'" I told her.

Jimmy came back with my drink. I reached into my wallet and dropped a 50-buck bill on the bar. Jimmy picked it up, held it up to the light and said, "Shit!"

"What's the matter, boy?" I asked, "never seen a fifty-buck bill before?"

He walked off down the boards. I took a hit of my drink. It was a double all right.

"Guy acts like he never saw a fifty before," I said to the girl in the fur hat. "I carry nothing but fifties."

"You're full of shit," she said.

"No, I'm not," I told her. "I dumped about twenty minutes ago."

"Big deal—"

"I can buy anything you've got."

"It's not for sale," she said.

"What's the matter? You got a lock on it? If you have, don't worry, nobody's going to look for the key."

I took another hit.

"Wanna drink?" I asked her.

"I only drink with gentlemen," she said.

"Now you're full of shit," I told her.

Where's the barkeep with my change? I thought. He's taking a long time...

I was just about to drop the ashtray when he came on down, cracking wood with his dumb feet.

He put the change down. I looked at it as he started to walk off.

"Hey!" I yelled.

He came back down. "What is it?"

"This is change for a ten. I gave you a fifty."

"Sir, you gave me a ten."

I turned to the girl. "Listen, you saw it, didn't you? I gave him a fifty!"

"You gave Jimmy a ten," she said.

"What the fuck is this?" I asked.

Jimmy began walking off.

"You can't get away with this!" I hollered.

He just kept on walking. He walked

on down to the gang at the end of the bar and they all started talking and laughing.

I sat there thinking about it. The girl next to me blew a blast of smoke, her head tilted back.

I thought about smashing the mirror behind the bar. I'd done that once at another place. Yet, I hesitated.

Was I losing it?

I felt like that son of a bitch had pissed all over me with everybody watching.

His cool bothered me more than his bigness. He had something going. A gun under the bar? He wanted me to play into it. The witnesses would be his...

I didn't know what to do. There was a phone booth near the exit. I got up, went over, got in, dropped a coin in, dialed a number. I would make out that I was calling my buddies, that they were coming down to bust up the bar. I heard the phone ringing at the other end. It stopped. A woman answered.

"Hello," she said.

"It's me," I answered.

"That you, Sam?"

"Yeah, yeah, now listen—"

"Sam, a terrible thing happened—Wooly got run over!"

"Who's Wooly?"

"Our dog, Sam! Wooly's dead!"

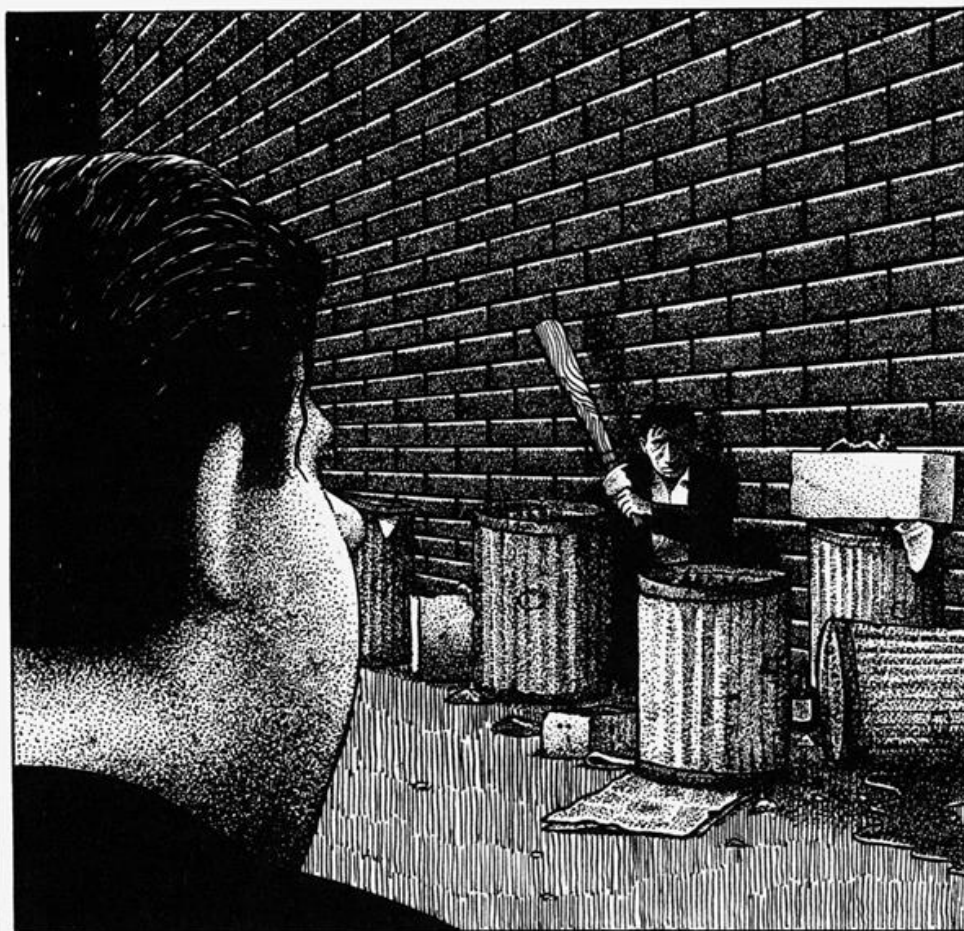
"Now, listen, I'm at the Red Eye! You know where it's at? Good! Now I want you to bring Lefty and Larry and Tony and Big Angelo down here, *fast!* Got it? And bring Wooly too!"

I hung up and sat there. I thought about calling the police. Then I knew what would happen with that. They'd back the barkeep. And I'd end up in the drunk-tank.

I got out of the phone booth and walked back to my bar stool. I finished my drink. Then I picked up the ashtray and dropped it. The barkeep looked down. I stood up, raised my arm and pointed a finger at him. Then I turned and walked out the exit, his laughter and the laughter of his crowd following me...

I stopped at the liquor store, got two bottles of wine, went to the Hotel Helen,

Jimmy unzipped, grabbed her by that long hair, hit her across the face and forced her head down there. I thought she was going to do it. She seemed to relent.



which was right across the street from the bar I had been in. I had a girlfriend there, an alky, she was 10 years older than I, she worked as a maid there. I walked up two flights, knocked on her door, hoping she'd be alone.

"Jane," I knocked, "I'm in trouble. I've been fucked-over."

The door opened. Jane was alone and drunker than I was.

I closed the door and walked in.

"Where's your drinking glasses?"

She pointed and I peeled a bottle and poured two. She sat on the edge of the bed and I sat in a chair. She drained her drink and I passed her the bottle. She lit a cigarette.

"I hate this place, Hank. How come we don't live together anymore?"

"You started running the streets too much, baby, you drove me crazy."

"Well, you know how I am—"

"Yeah."

Jane took her cigarette and just pointed it down into the bed sheet. I saw the smoke starting to come up. I walked over and lifted her hand. I had noticed a plate on the dresser when I had come in. I got up and brought it over. It had pieces of dried food upon it, looked like tamale. I put the plate on her bed.

"That's your ashtray—"

"You know I miss you—" she said.

I drained my wine, poured another.

"Look, I got shortchanged on a fifty across the street—"

"Where'd you get a fifty?"

"Never mind, I got it. That son of a bitch shortchanged me."

"Why didn't you bust him up? You scared of him? That's Jimmy. The women love him! Every night after the bar closes he goes out in the parking lot by his car and sings and they laugh and then one of them gets to go home with him—"

"He's a hunk of shit—"

"He played football for Notre Dame."

"What is this crap? You go for this guy?"

"I can't stand him."

"Good. Because I'm going to bust his sack, all the way—"

"I think you're scared."

"Ever seen me duck a fight?"

"I've seen you lose a few."

I didn't answer to that. We kept drinking and the conversation got around to other things. I don't remember much what we talked about. When she wasn't running the streets she was a pretty good soul. Good sense, but confused, you know. Total alky. I could quit for a day or two. She could never stop. It was sad. But we talked. We had some kind of understanding. Then it got to be after 2 A.M. and Jane said, "Come here, watch."

We went to the window and there was Jimmy the barkeep in the parking lot. Sure enough, he was singing. There were three girls watching him. There was plenty of laughter.

Much of it about my 50-buck bill, I thought.

Then one of the girls got into his car with him. The other two walked off. The car sat a moment. The lights came on, it kicked over, then drove off.

What a flash-ass, I thought, I never turn on my lights until the engine kicks over.

I looked at Jane. "That son of a bitch really thinks he's a high number. I'm gonna bust his sack, once and forever."

"You don't have the guts," she answered.

"Listen," I asked, "you still have that baseball bat under your bed?"

"Yeah, but I can't part with that."

"Sure you can," I said, handing her a 10.

"Okay," she slid it out from under the bed, "hope you hit a homer."

The next night at 2 A.M. I was in the parking lot, up against the side of the

bar, crouched between a couple of large garbage cans. I had Jane's baseball bat, the old Jimmy Foxx special.

I didn't have to wait long. The barkeep came out with his three girls.

"Sing for us, Jimmy!"

"Sing us one with your own words!"

"Yes, Jimmy!"

"Well, all right," he said.

He took off his necktie, threw it to the ground, opened his shirt to a mass of stinky black hair, lifted his head to the moon:

"I am the man you're waiting for..."

"I am the man you must adore..."

"I am the man who will lay you on the floor..."

"I am the man who will make you want more..."

"...and more..."

"...and more..."

All the girls applauded and jumped up and down:

"Oh, Jimmy!"

"Oh, Jimmy!"

"Oh, Jimmy!"

Jimmy stepped back and looked the girls over. They waited. Finally, he said it: "Okay, you get the breaks, Caroline."

With that, the other girls obediently ducked their heads in sorrow, then walked out of the parking lot and down off the avenue.

Caroline stood there swaying on her highheels. She had a beautiful body, long hair. I seemed to remember her, somehow.

"You're a real man, Jimmy," she told him. "I love you."

"Bullshit, bitch, you just want to suck my cock."

"Yes, *that* too, Jimmy."

"You're gonna suck my cock, right now, in this here parking lot!"

"No, wait... Jimmy, that's too fast... I want to *know* you more first—"

"You say you love me, then *suck* me!"

"No, wait—"

Jimmy was pretty drunk, you had to be to act like that. I mean, it wasn't too light in that parking lot but it wasn't too dark either. But some guys were freaks, they liked to do it in dangerous situations. Maybe he was a freak.

"You'll suck me, bitch, here and now."

Jimmy unzipped, grabbed her by that long hair, hit her across the face and forced her head down there. I thought she was going to do it. She seemed to relent.

Then Jimmy screamed. *Screamed.*

She had bitten him. He pulled her by

the hair and hit her again, fist closed, across the face. Then he dug a knee into her gut and she fell, motionless.

She's out cold, I thought, maybe I'll drag her back by those cans and fuck her when he drives off.

Damned if he didn't frighten me, somewhat. I decided not to come out from between those garbage cans. I held the Jimmy Foxx slugger and waited for him to leave.

I watched as he zipped up and walked gingerly toward his car. He got the door open, climbed in and sat there awhile. Then the lights flashed on and the engine kicked over.

He just sat there revving his motor.

Then I saw him climb out. The engine was still running. The lights were on.

He walked around to the front of the car.

"Hey!" he said out loud, "what's zat? I see... something."

He started moving toward me.

"I see... something... Who the fuck... is... hiding between those cans? I put the trash out yesterday... I see... something... Come on outa there!"

He came toward me. The moon flashed behind his back, making him look like some god-creature, some dismal giant hunk of doom.

"You fucking roach!" he yelled, "I'll stamp you to pus!"

He rushed in at me. I was caught between the garbage cans. I raised the Jimmy Foxx slugger, came down with it and caught him right on top of the head.

He didn't drop. He just stood there staring at me. I hit him again. It was like an old-time comedy in a black and white flick. He just stood there and made a horrible face at me.

I slipped out from between the garbage cans and started to walk away. He followed me.

I turned around.

"Leave me alone," I told him. "I just want to go home. Let's leave it like this—"

"I'm gonna kill you, punk!" he said.

Those two big barkeep hands came out and reached for my throat. I ducked back and swung the bat at one of his kneecaps. There was a shot like a firecracker going off and he dropped.

"I just wanna go home," I told him, "let's leave it like this."

He was on his hands and knees, crawling toward me.

"I'm gonna kill ya, punk!"

I put the wood to the back of his neck. He flattened out and stretched next to the girl in the parking lot. I

looked at the girl, Caroline. She was the same one as the one in the fake mink and fur hat. I decided I didn't want it.

I walked over to the barkeep's car, switched the lights off, killed the engine, pulled the keys and threw them onto the roof of the bar. Then I walked back to the bodies, reached down and got the barkeep's wallet.

I walked out of the lot, walked south awhile then said, "Shit!" I turned back and walked back to the lot and over to the garbage cans. I had left my whiskey there. Still half a fifth in a paper bag. I got it.

I went south again, crossed the street, found the mailbox, looked around. Nobody around. I took the bills out of the wallet, dropped the wallet into the box.

Next walked north until I came to the Hotel Helen. I went in, went up the stairway, knocked on the door.

"Jane, it's Hank! For Christ's sake, open up!"

The door opened.

"Shit, what is it?" she asked.

"I've got some whiskey—"

I got inside, put the chain on the door. She had the lights on. I marched around cutting them off. Then it was dark.

"What's the matter?" she asked, "you crazy?"

"Gimme your glass."

I took her to the window. The police cars were already there, lights blinking.

"What the hell happened?" she asked.

"Some guy busted Jimmy's sack."

You could hear the ambulance follow-up. Then it was in the parking lot, back doors open. They loaded in the girl first. Then they came back and got Jimmy.

"Who got the girl?" Jane asked.

"Jimmy."

"Who got Jimmy?"

"What the hell does it matter?"

I sat my drink on the windowsill and reached into my pocket. I counted the bills out: \$483.00.

"Here, baby."

I handed her a 50.

"Jesus, thanks, Hank!"

"It's nothing."

"Those horses must really be coming in!"

"Better than ever, baby."

"Cheers!" she said lifting her glass.

"Cheers," I said, lifting mine.

We clicked glasses, then drank them off as the ambulance backed out, turned south, siren on.

It wasn't our turn yet. That's what everybody thinks, they say. □

THE SUPER GROW ROOM

They're the wave of the future—cost effective, secure and efficient.

American marijuana cultivators are the most sophisticated, scientific farmers in the world. In just a few years they have mastered the techniques of breeding, hybridization, sinsemilla cultivation and curing. They have doubled and redoubled the yield and potency of their crops. Although the media usually concentrates interest on outdoor "farmers," most outdoor growers these days raise only their own stash, or operate in a limited area using a controlled environment—i.e., a grow room. The high cost of marijuana and the risk involved in its cultivation have constantly challenged the cultivator to develop techniques that use space most efficiently. The potential for a high profit has also given growers the incentive and ability to experiment, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the indoor garden.

I have seen the super grow rooms (SGRs), and I believe. These growers have succeeded. SGRs are based on the idea of limiting factors. The plant's rate of metabolism, and subsequently its growth rate, maturation time and yield are governed by environmental conditions that act like links on a chain. Metabolism can proceed no faster than permitted by the limiting growing factors. There are five limiting factors: temperature, nutrients, water, light and carbon dioxide.

Super grow rooms meet such needs, automatically or semiautomatically, by using timers that regulate irrigation, lighting and CO₂ enrichment. Recently I had the pleasure of seeing two automated grow rooms. The first was lit naturally with supplemental lighting from metal halides. The corrugated sheet-steel roof had been replaced with

Filon, a transparent corrugated plastic sheet made especially for greenhouses.

Exec, as he wishes to be called, grows uniform commercial crops which vary according to the season. He has two growing areas, a starting room and a main growing area. His spacious starting room is divided into a germination area, lit by fluorescents, and a seedling section lit by two halides. Seeds are germinated in 4" pots and transplanted 10 days after germination into a 2½-quart container.

Exec has designed a planting schedule that matches each plant variety's seasonal habits with day length. Here is his planting and control schedule:

In late November, Exec starts equatorial seeds. He prefers a Nigerian-Santa Marta hybrid. He repots 10 days after germination, keeping the germination room lit 24 hours a day. The plants are removed to the large growing area about three and a half weeks after germination. This area is totally roofed with Filon, and has 10 halides for supplemental light. Total area is 1000 square feet.

At the time they are moved to the large growing area, the plants are repotted again, this time into 2-gallon containers. The lighting is set at 12 hours, to coincide with natural light. These lights are burned only when the sun is out, so that undue suspicion is not aroused by the lit roof.

To control the flowering period, Exec has strung rows of removable incandescents, having each 100-watt light bulb illuminating about 9 square feet. For the next three weeks he turns these lights on for 1 minute (the minimum time on his short-range timer) every 90

minutes. This prevents the plants from starting to flower—they sense the increasing number of hours of uninterrupted darkness. Around the middle of January he turns off the incandescents. A week later he turns the halides down to 10 hours, where they remain until the end of flowering. Exec claims to have had varieties that would not ripen until the light was down to 8 hours.

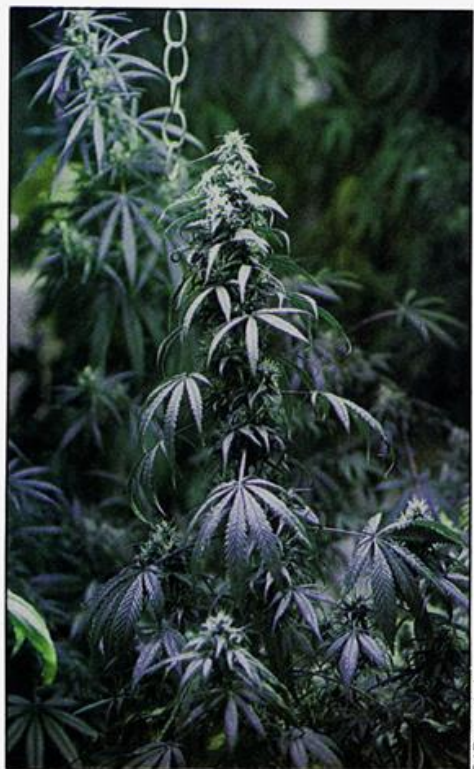
Around March 1 the new crop is planted. This time he uses either a Southern African-Afghani or Mexican hybrid. They are replanted around March 15 and then, around April Fool's Day, they replace the last crop, which is ready to be harvested. Exec then cuts the plants up and hangs them to dry in his starting room, which he now keeps dark. He manicures them only after they are dry. Exec has a busy schedule transplanting the new residents of the growing area into 2-gallon pots. He keeps the halides on for 13–14 hours and then once again he uses his incandescents nightly, this time for two weeks, until about April 15, when he turns the lights down to 11 hours and covers the roof with long shades made from agricultural shading material. He manually opens and shuts the shades, closing them at dusk, as the lights go off, and opening them late in the morning as the lights come on. In late spring he sometimes uses only sunlight during the brightest part of the day.

On May 15 Exec plants another new crop. This time it is definitely an Afghani-Southern African, which flowers at 14–16 hours of light. By June 15 the Southern African-Mexican hybrid is ready, and the Afghani-Southern African are placed in the main garden.



Exec grows uniform commercial crops, which vary according to the season. He harvests over 500 plants four times each year.

They are given only a natural-light cycle, and the halides supplement the natural light only on cloudy days. On July 15 they are shaded, to put them into harvest cycle, receiving no more than 14 hours of light. The plants are ready by August 30, and Exec replaces them with a Northern Mexican-Kush cultivar, or sometimes an Afghani-Kush hybrid which he'd planted a month before. He uses flashing incandescents until September 30, when he lets the light cycle drop back to day length. The plants are ripe by December 15, a nice Christmas cheer.



Mature bud

He gets four crops a year and uses a minimum of electric light, and is able to grow in a large area, arousing few suspicions regarding spinning electric meters.

Exec uses a propane heater during the cool months. This enriches the air with CO₂ while providing heat. Other times he enriches the air with CO₂ from a tank. During the hot months he uses a ceiling fan and several high-powered window fans, but at times the room gets a little too warm for optimal growth. Cannabis grows fastest when the temperature ranges between the 60s and 80s. When the temperature gets higher, photosynthesis stops; when it is lower, photosynthesis slows down.

Exec has about 500 plants per crop, and has no time to water them. Instead, he has a drip emitter attached to each container, and each day he waters his plants by turning on a valve for a few minutes. First he tests how much water the average plant needs. Then, using a simple formula—amount required divided by flow per hour multiplied by 60—he arrives at the number of minutes needed for watering. His emitters flow at the rate of 1 gallon per hour (gph). If the plants require 8 ounces: $8 \div 128 \times 60 = 3.7$ minutes. When he is not around to take care of things manually, he estimates the plant needs and then sets his short-term timer, which regulates a solenoid valve.

He adds soluble hydroponic nutrients and other fertilizers and minerals to the water solution several times a month.

The second garden I visited, ministered by Elf, was lit totally by halides and sodium vapor lamps. Elf's area



Ed Rosenthal

Above: Exec makes sure to place his plants close together, insuring little side-branching and a big resinous bud on top. Each plant is given only two square feet of growing area, and yields the desired results. Right: Indoor growers from Maine to Miami are pioneering a wide range of cultivating techniques that have got American cannabis business booming.

totals about 225 sq. ft., of which 175 sq. ft. is growing space. He cultivates about 80 plants per crop and claims that he can grow five to six crops a year, but actually works at a more leisurely pace.

Elf also has a separate starting area. He can start a crop every two months, using the germination area for about one month before setting the plants in the main garden. Plants are started in 2½-quart containers and transplanted when they are moved to 1½-gallon containers.

Sometimes he starts from clones, which takes longer than starting from

Ole Homegrown Quarterly



seeds, but ultimately less effort since there are no males to deal with. Three weeks after entering the main growing area, the light cycle is reduced to 13 or 14 hours from constant. In six weeks the plants are ready to harvest.

Equatorial varieties take longer to mature, but Elf prefers them to the stuff that he sells, so he has a growing room for his own stash. It is stocked with exotics.

Elf ventilates the room, using two

duct fans and open windows which are covered to seal in light. CO₂ is injected from a tank into all three rooms from a CO₂ tank on a timer.

Elf waters his plants by hand, using a 5-gallon container and a ½-gallon pitcher. At maturity the plants require about ½ gallon of water every four to seven days, depending on temperature. This saturates the container and partially fills the tray. Each container holds a mixture of vermiculite, perlite, Styro-

foam and foam rubber. Each container sits in a saucer to prevent spillage. Plants that are bigger than most receive extra water between irrigations. Smaller plants receive less water each time. Watering takes less than an hour. He uses a combination of soluble fertilizers, and contends that his own urine, either fresh or fermented, is the best source of nutrients you can use. His plants were healthy and had no nutrient deficiencies. But the taste... □



RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD

PART III

by "R"

Hot on the trail of the Lost Load, "R" finds himself sidetracked by the ever-nubile Susannah—pot party girl and dispenser of enormous amounts of her boyfriend's cocaine.

The story so far: The celebrated *HIGH TIMES* cannabis Connoisseur, the intrepid "R," has flown down to that city of smuggler intrigue, that modern Casablanca, Miami. He's on a mission. A mysterious and seductive woman up North has tipped him off that something is going on in the palatial Prohibition-era mansion once known as "Chateau Forcade," some intrigue involving the legendary champagne of Colombian cannabis named after *HIGH TIMES* founder Tom Forcade. The greatest vintage of gold grass ever grown—Chateau Forcade '75. But there's something more at stake here. The woman has hinted that the fate of the Lost Load of Chateau Forcade holds a clue to the still unexplained suicide of Forcade four years ago. In our last episode, "R" recalled the incident of the acid-freaked Viet vet who turned himself into a human torch at Chateau Forcade during the weird and violent days of the '72 convention.

When we last left off, "R" had just been greeted at the door of present-day Chateau Forcade by a woman who was there back then, a woman who was deeply involved in the whole high-level smuggler scene that had flourished down there in the roaring '70s.

(Needless to say, all characters herein are fictional and have not the slightest resemblance to any smugglers living or dead. Even "R" doesn't have the slightest resemblance to himself. Only Forcade is real. Strange. Mythic. But real.)

"Hi there, 'R,' long time," Susannah said as she opened the door and leaned her body languorously against the frame.

"You're just in time, though," she said, smiling invitingly. "I had a fight with my boyfriend and I've been trying to spend all his money and do up all his

coke before he gets back. I've been going at it for a week and I just realized I'm gonna need some help."

Oh, Susannah. She was just as I remembered her from the night we smoked "heart-attack dope" together. She was very beautiful, very high and very dangerous.

How beautiful? As I followed her into the living room of Chateau Forcade and gazed at her curly blond legs and her sexy hair, or was it her curly blond hair and—whatever—I couldn't help being reminded of a line from a Woody Allen short story. Maybe it was from "The Whore of Mensa." Anyway, he talks about a girl whose erotic appeal was so powerful that she could "cause cardiac arrest in a yak." Suddenly I understood. I felt myself growing yak hair. As I gazed upon Susannah's perfectly faded, perfectly filled, classic Florida beach girl's faded denim cutoffs, I felt myself suffering the first premonitory seizures of a full-scale yak attack. She turned around in the hallway, stuck a finger down her mesh-knit halter top, snared a little golden vial and shoved a fingerful of the contents up my nose before I could utter a word about my principled opposition to ingestion of cocaine.

"Come on in and get a look at my major purchase of the day," Susannah said as I felt my cardio-pulmonary system shift into hyper drive. This may not have been cocaine. It's possible it could have been crushed Indian Ocean pearls with some powdered Hope diamond thrown in. But it was very good. Even for Miami, capital of the cocaine trade, it was breathtakingly good.

In a glazed state I gazed at the "purchase" Susannah was pointing out. The living-room floor was covered with

enough deep-sea-diving and underwater photography equipment to keep Jacques Cousteau submerged till the year 2000.

"I woke up this morning with a new idea," Susannah said. "I'd always wanted to be a photographer, and there's nothing more beautiful in the world than the tropical fish on the ocean floor in the Lesser Antilles. And now I'm ready to go."

"My God, this must have cost a fortune," I said, looking at the gleam of the oxygen tanks, the waterproof 35mm movie cameras, the jumble of deep-water communications equipment that filled the entire grand expanse of the Chateau Forcade living room, a huge heap of stuff that rose to the level of the panoramic tinted glass windows overlooking the lawn that led down to the chateau's secluded boat dock.

"It did cost a fortune," she said, going to an antique rolltop desk. "But all I did was weigh out a few pounds of hundreds, go to the best dive shop in town, told them to close up and deliver everything they had in the store by noon."

As she was saying this, she managed to roll up the rolltop desk, and several very heavy bales of hundred-dollar bills in bulk tumbled out.

"When I'm spending my boyfriend's money—the bastard—I like to buy everything, ship it home and then decide what I really need at my leisure," she explained.

I looked at the brick-sized bundles of unwashed—unlaundered—hundred-dollar bills.

"Uh, who's your boyfriend?" I asked. Then I instantly regretted asking. "Uh, maybe I don't want to know," I said, sensing danger. I had known a couple of

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her past boyfriends. And regretted it.

"That's right, 'R,' you surely don't want to know. But don't worry—you won't have to meet him, he's still down in Bolivia, and we'll be far out to sea before he gets back. Have you ever gone down two hundred feet? A French diver taught me how. He taught me some other things too. Have you ever made love that far down?"

Her eyes glazed with some memory that gave her face an expression that might have felled whole herds of yaks.

"I get the bends just thinking about it," she murmured. "Hey," she said, snapping out of whatever obscene reverie was occupying her clouded mind, and noticing my stricken expression, "Loosen up, 'R.' The boat I chartered won't be here for twelve hours, and I've got to weigh out some more pounds of hundreds and do up a *humongous* pile of mother-of-pearl Peruvian. Like I said, you came just in time to help. Here," she said, fishing out that little gold canister nestling in the nether reaches of her halter top. "Stick this rock under your tongue and help me try on these five different dive suits I got."

Before I could protest—I'm not saying I was *gonna* protest, but before I had a chance to—she stuck a pearl the size and shape of one of her nipples under my tongue. This is a size-shape comparison I am able to make with some authority because she had just whipped off her cutoffs and halter and was frolicking happily among the luminescently colored dive suits with all the bewitching and twitching grace of an exotic tropical fish.

"Oh, by the way," she said, looking up from the mountain of diving gear with a merry glint in her eyes. "I know you still like Colombian gold better than any other drug, and my boyfriend just happens to have the best in the world. I think it's out in the kitchen. Remember the last time we got high together? That heart-attack weed?"

How could I forget? It was probably the single most shocking and frightening episode in the Connoisseur's entire history of smoking grass.

Heart-attack grass. It happened right here in the living room of Chateau Forcade. The second time I'd visited the place. It was about a year after the horrible human-torch episode at the height of the weirdness of the '72 Republican Convention. By this time Forcade himself had somehow become established as the presiding genius—if not the owner of record—of Chateau Forcade. The owner of record, I later learned, was a Swiss corpora-

tion chartered on Grand Cayman Island. The mortgage deed was held in a safe-deposit box in Bebe Rebozo's Florida bank—a little black-humor touch typical of Forcade.

"When I launder money," he'd once said, "I like to send out to the best cleaners." He'd claimed he'd run into a Howard Hughes operative stashing casino-skim in the basement of Rebozo's bank the same day he'd stashed his first kilo of hundreds from the Colombian trade down there.

The heart-attack-dope episode took place at the height of the first full flush of the "Roaring '70s" Colombian gold rush down in Miami. When the place was wide open to independent operators, international crooks and con men, young teenage millionaires from Georgia looking to be the new Joe Kennedys of pot prohibition, yachtsmen, beach bums, boat boys, boat girls, Palm Beach socialite girls who had run off for the lure of high-level smuggling intrigue and the glamour of the daring pilots who fought a kind of countercultural Battle of Britain in the skies over the Caribbean to bring the stuff in.

Susannah was one of these, the black-sheep youngest daughter of Palm Beach wealth who ran off with a pilot when she was 16. He crashed. She stayed high.

They were all there that night back in '74 when Tom Forcade walked in with two of his toughest-looking hirelings, switched off the loud music and said he had an announcement to make.

There was a little party going on at the time, and the dozen or so people in the living room were more or less high from the big open bale of pale gold ganja that someone had split open on the living-room floor. As I remember it, Susannah and I were more or less unclothed—she more, me less—and we were more or less playing chess—me more, she less. Her current boyfriend—a Cuban exile karate instructor who had more or less cornered the coke trade in "Little Havana" before he was murdered a year later—was lounging indulgently in the chaise longue out by the pool, confident (as he had every right to be) that no one would dare lay a finger on the exquisitely tanned skin of Susannah unless they had a perverse desire to be used as chum for sand sharks on his next machine-gun boat raid on Havana. And so Susannah and I played chess, the other half-dozen of the nascent smuggler aristocracy played Lynyrd Skynyrd, the Allmans and, of course, Jimmy Buffet, and seemed to be snorting the gross national product of several provinces of Peru.

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But everything stopped when Tom arrived and said he had an announcement to make. In the upper reaches of the smuggling realm, when Tom spoke he never had to raise his voice. It was like E.F. Hutton about to pronounce upon a debenture. Like El Exigente about to tell an entire town in Colombia whether he liked their coffee or if they could go stuff it and starve. In that realm, Tom was El Exigente. And, in fact, that day he was wearing one of those El Exigente cream-colored ice-cream suits that Palm Beach gentry and devil-may-care pot pilots favored that season.

"Pardon the interruption," Tom said in his characteristic wry deadpan tone, "but I happen to have a certain kind of cannabis here which you all might find amusing." He paused, then added, "In fact, it might be said to have some historic significance."

Tom maintained his deadpan demeanor, but his two henchmen found this last statement too much to take in with a straight face. They cracked up into gleeful cackles, only half suppressed when Tom shot them an angry glance. The henchmen were the usual sort Tom was hanging out with down there in those days. One was a tall pilot with an artificial hand. Some say his right hand had been burned off on the melting joystick of a surplus B-25 cargo plane that went down in flames with two tons of *punta roja* weed from La Guajira in the cargo bay. Others say the hand was *chopped* off because his thumbprint might have linked some extremely wealthy Cuban exiles to a safe-deposit box in the Bahamas that neither the IRS nor the Bay Street boys were supposed to know about. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow who died mysteriously and unluckily shortly before Tom's suicide. The other henchman was a fat teenaged kid from Athens, Georgia, who later became famous for five minutes when his Continental was pulled over on the Key West causeway and the traffic cop found a suitcase with \$1.8 million in hundreds casually piled up in the back seat.

Anyway, the henchmen were giggling away about the "historic significance" of the grass Tom stopped the party to speak of, and we all became kind of curious. After all, this was a crowd that had seen just about everything there was to see, smoked everything there was to smoke in the world of cannabis. What could possibly impress them? Still, when Tom said something was "amusing," much less "historic," everyone sat up and took notice.

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He tossed a few slim ice-pick-shaped joints onto the carpet of the living room, and Susannah wiggled her way into the sudden mass lunge for these "historic" joints and wiggled out with one that she brought back to our chessboard. It had been a desultory game of chess so far—an unspeakably dull variation of the Ruy Lopez that left the board congested, and barren of mating attacks.

Mating attacks. Yes, I thought to myself as I watched the beautiful Susannah with that golden Veronica Lake perm falling over her eye light up one of the mystery joints. I was thinking of devious ways to cause the accidental death of her boyfriend when, with a jolt, I felt myself staring into the face of death myself.

So was everyone else in the room who'd gotten more than two puffs of this allegedly "amusing" grass into their system.

Do you know those scenes in emergency-room TV dramas, when the medics apply the huge electric cardiac shocker to the dying patient's chest in a last-chance try to jump start the failing heart? Do you know the way the bodies will suddenly jump up off the gurney beds when they receive that jolt—powerful enough to bring the already clinically dead back to life? Well, that living room in Chateau Forcade suddenly looked like a mass cardiac-shock ward. Everybody had jumped to attention and was practically wired to the ceiling by the power of this grass. It wasn't just strong, it was *terrifyingly* strong. I saw red, as if the thing had shot so much blood to my brain it was coming out my eyes. Everyone else seemed to be suddenly standing up or hopping around, speechless with horror and amazement at the power of this pot. Everyone except Tom. He was smoking away, too. Puffing away like a smokestack. Same stuff, but as usual, Tom was showing very little outward effect. The henchmen were still rolling on the floor laughing their heads off.

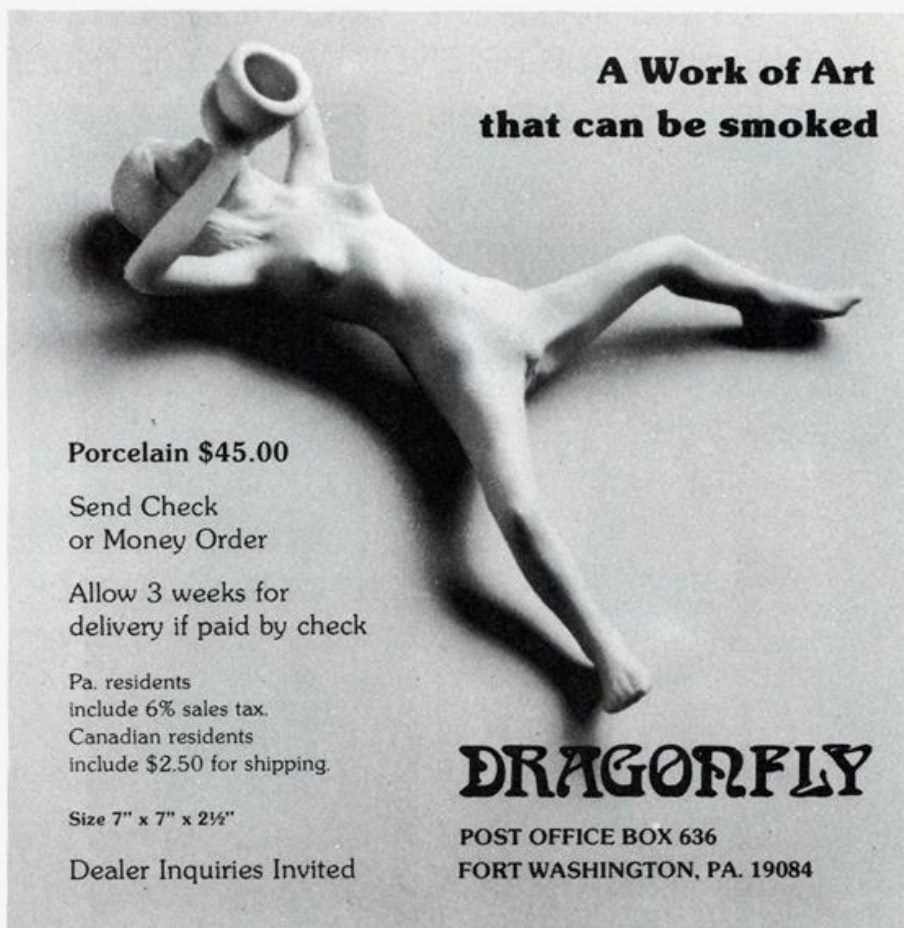
Finally I managed to stammer out a question. Ever the conscientious Connoisseur, I wanted to remember the name of this stuff before I blacked out.

"Oh, this stuff, 'R,'" said Tom dismissively. "Just some 'ice-pick Mich-oacán.' It has its moments. As a matter of fact, this was the very stuff our friend Billy was smoking the moment he got his fatal heart attack."

At the mention of the name Billy, everyone else in the room froze. I didn't freeze. I was already flash-frozen, my entire consciousness reduced to a tiny

/ continued on page 87

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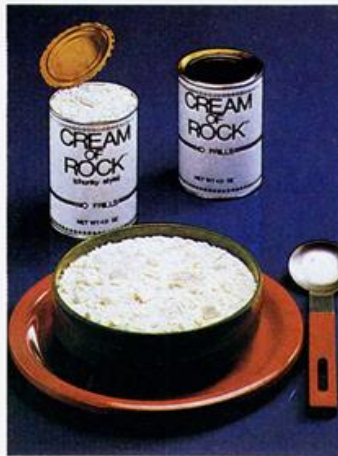
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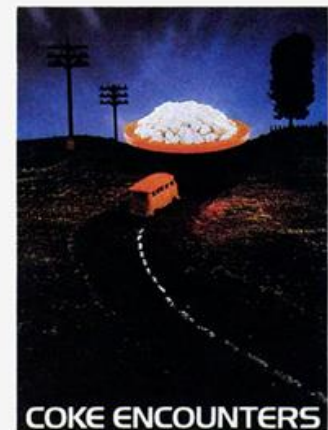
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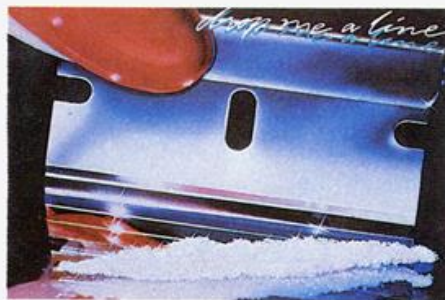
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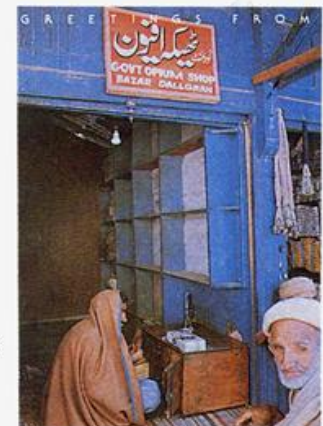
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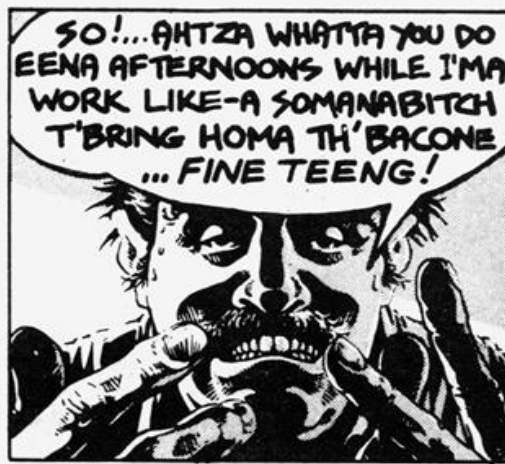
THE TEDDY-BEAR WAS BROUGHT OUT AND THINGS WERE JUST BEGINNING TO COME TOGETHER



WHEN SUDDENLY...



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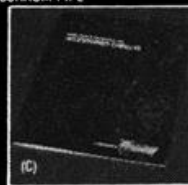
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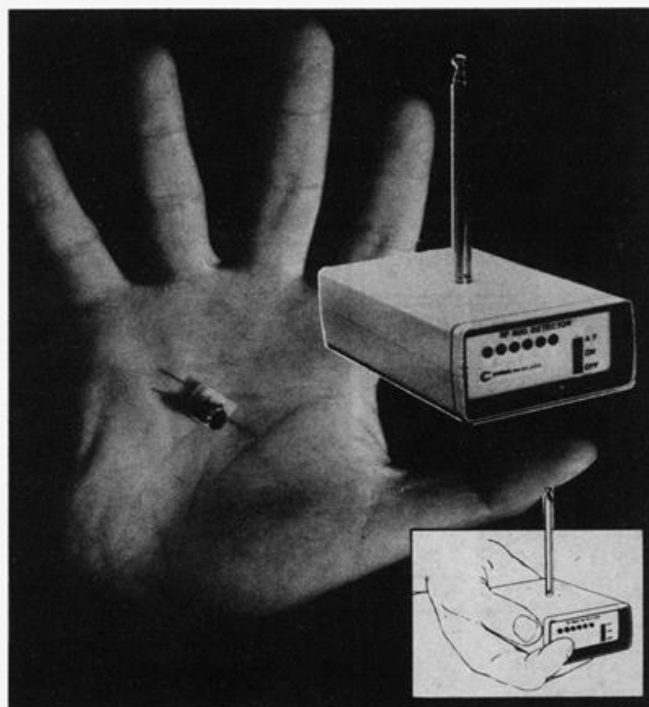
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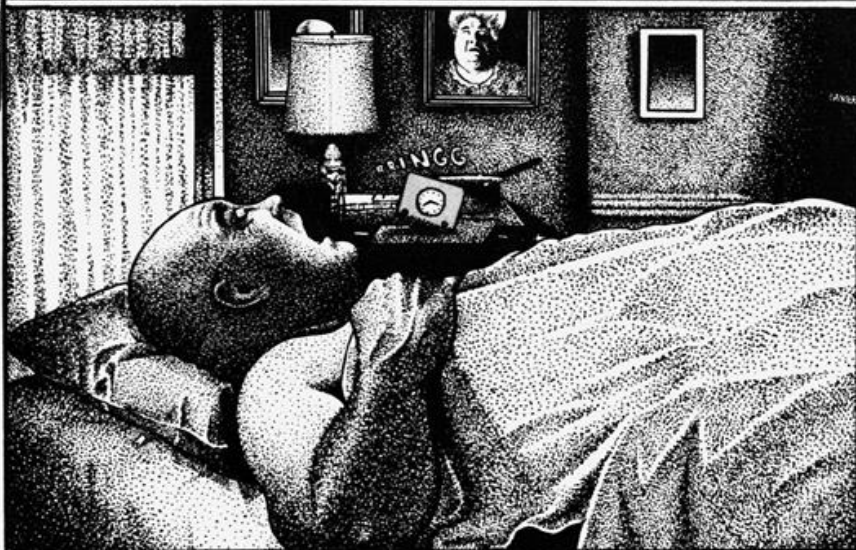


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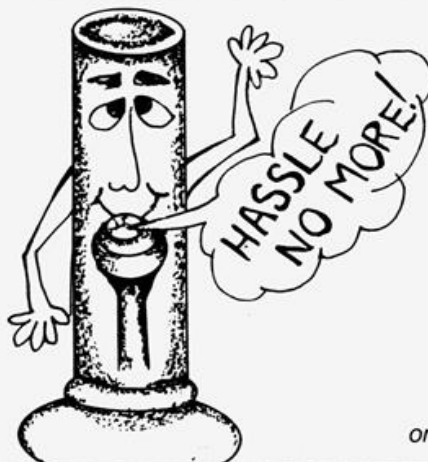
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Mushroom Compost—pre-pasteurized. Grain jars, filter disks. Send stamped envelope to: CGS, Inc., P.O. Box 722, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010.

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Man in prison, age 28—Lonely, like to meet anyone who is as lonely as I am: JAMES A. CARR, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

I am presently serving a sentence of 5-15. I'm from the Dayton area; people in Springfield know me as "Snake." I would like to hear from all you sexy, sweet, smokin' mamma bears across the nation. Age is of little consequence. Write: STEPHEN L. DANIELS, P.O. Box 57, #165-308, Marion, OH 43302.

Young man, age 30, in prison, with no family or friends who care. Would like to hear from anyone to help me lose my loneliness. Please write: ROYAL WILCOX, N.S.P. #13373, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

My name is Eli LaPorte, and I am doing time in Sing-Sing. I am TALL (6'2"), dark and handsome; and it's God's truth. Write: ELI LAPORTE, 82-A-2444, Block-A-J106, Sing-Sing.

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White lonely (incarcerated) Southern Christian gentleman seeks serious correspondence with lady of same. Will answer all replies. SAM LOBRANO, 154-931, P.O. Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

MERCHANDISE

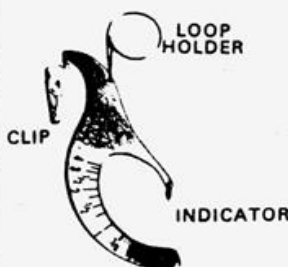
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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

TWENTY-EIGHTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

392 DREAMED ABOUT A REEFER FIVE foot long
The mighty mezz but not too strong,
You'll be high but not for long
If you're a viper.

Stuff Smith, song:
"If You're a Viper"

393 IT IS AGREED AND WELL-DOCUMENTED that at least 40 percent of felony offenders in the prisons are alcoholics or problem drinkers, a percentage at least four times that in the adult population generally...

A comprehensive alcoholism program in the criminal justice system could divert many non-dangerous offenders to treatment (as the drunk-driving program did with 5,150 offenders in the state in 1981), treat incarcerated offenders, require treatment in parole, and refer released offenders to community support systems—of which there are not nearly enough (except for Alcoholics Anonymous, with over 1,500 chapters in the state)...

David W. Barry, Fellowship Center, *New York Times*, Sept. 6, 1982

394 HERE ARE THE ORIGINAL WORDS to the sex, drugs, rock and revolution tavern drinking song from which our "Star Spangled Banner" is taken. Try singing it!

The Anacreontic Song

To Anacreon in heaven
Where he sat in full glee
A few sons of harmony
Sent a petition
That he their inspirer
And patron would be
When this answer arrived
From the jolly old Grecian:
"Voice, fiddle, and flute
No longer be mute
I'll lend you my name
And inspire you to boot
And besides I'll instruct you
Like me to intertwine
The myrtle of Venus
With Bacchus's vine"

Ralph Tomlinson and John Stafford Smith, English, 1779

395 MAN IS NO STAR, BUT A QUICK coal of mortal fire,
who blows it not, lets his own ashes choke his soul!

396 WITH THE LANGUAGE OF THIS law we can trap addicts like animals.

comment by an official
quoted by A. R. Lindesmith in
The Addict and the Law, 1965

397 HOUSTON, SEPT. 27—ON MAY 29, Federal District Judge John H. Wood, Jr., known as "Maximum John" because of the long sentences he gave drug dealers, stepped into his station wagon to drive to his office and begin work.

The car would not start, and as the 63-year-old Wood stepped out, a single shot rang out and he fell dead. He was the first Federal Judge killed in more than a century...

Judge Wood was called "Maximum John" because he handed out maximum sentences in 72 of 90 narcotics cases in which the defendants were found guilty. He once sentenced a drug trafficker to 35 years for contempt of court.

New York Times, Sept. 28, 1982

398 I RAISED THE LITTLE GIRL'S HAND to my lips and kissed it; and since then I have taken no other hasheesh than such as that.

anonymous American lawyer,
Putnam's Magazine, 1856

399 SEATTLE, AUG. 22 (REUTERS) — The Australian ketch Pacific Peacemaker, flagship of a demonstration against the United States Navy's first Trident nuclear submarine, has been released from custody after a "suspicious substance" on board turned out to be tea...

New York Times, Aug. 23, 1982

400 IT WAS REPORTED RECENTLY BY researchers at Temple University that rats fed a diet of M&M's, chocolate chip cookies, and ice cream grow to the rodent weight equivalent of an 800-pound human. If, however, they received the drug naloxone, they remained slim and vigorous and increased their energy output. Even rats that had shown no prior interest in sex were said to "copulate intensely." As one headline put it: "Anti-morphine addiction drugs keep rats slim and lustful."

Science 82, October

401 NO OPIUM SMOKING IN THE ELEVATORS

sign in Hotel Rand
(managed by Wilson Mizner),
New York City, 1907

402 HIGH SCHOOLS ARE WELL NAMED nowadays.

letter to editor, *Union-Leader*,
Manchester, New Hampshire, 1982

403 RECENTLY, SPECTROSCOPES HAVE spotted large quantities of alcohol in interstellar space.

The Economist, London,
July 17, 1982

404 OF THIS, AT LEAST, I FEEL ASSURED, that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever.

Thomas De Quincey,
The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, 1821

405 I MAY'VE 'AD TOO MUSH, but I 'aven't 'ad enough.

406 CIGARETTE SCAVENGERS RECYCLE THEIR BUTTS

Thousands of scavengers prow the streets of Jakarta, Indonesia, in search of butt ends to sell for manufacturing new cigarettes.

Tobacco companies are allegedly paying between 35 cents and 63 cents a pound, depending on the quality of the weed.

That's big business for impoverished collectors getting up to 11 pounds a day.

Cigarette manufacturers refuse to admit that they are using tobacco from discarded butts. The Indonesian government, however, has warned citizens that recycled cigarettes are even more hazardous to health than the originals.

Globe, Oct. 27, 1981

407 MOTHER NEEDS SOMETHING today to calm her down
And tho she's not really ill
There's a little yellow pill...

"Mother's Little Helper,"
Rolling Stones, 1967

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore,

HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

IT MOVES. . .

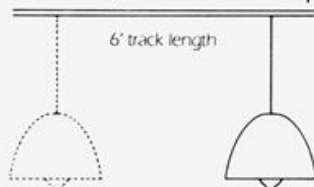
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Pat. Pend.

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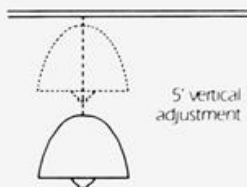
6' track length

Together, the Solar Shuttle and DayStar lamp simulate the path the sun takes and promote the growth of lower leaves. The Solar Shuttle moves the lamp

quietly and efficiently back and forth above your plants on the 6-foot track in 40-minute cycles. The lamp can be hung low over young plants and raised as they grow through a total vertical adjustment of 5 feet.

The lamp moves steadily through its cycle on a non-corrosive glide, providing light equal to that of three stationary lamps and reducing the heat so that plants can be grown closer to the lamp. Yet the 1/250 hp motor plugs into a standard 110 volt outlet and uses only a nominal amount of electricity.

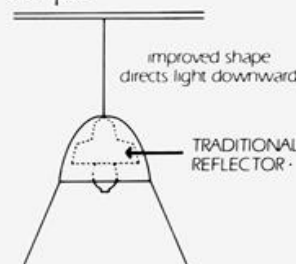
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5' vertical adjustment

parts are guaranteed for a full year. The 6-foot Solar Shuttle with 5-foot hanging chain can be adapted for use with an existing remote ballast fixture.

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improved shape directs light downward

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prevent heat buildup and the lamp itself is guaranteed for 12,000 hours or six months.

The Solar Shuttle system is the only product of its kind on the market and can be purchased only from AquaCulture. The track is \$99, the lamp, reflector and ballast are \$299, and if you order both at the same time, we'll include a 24-hour multi-stage timer at no extra charge.

To order, write AquaCulture, P.O. Box 26467, Tempe, Arizona, 85282, or call 602/966-6429.



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/ continued from page 49

This is an excerpt from the forthcoming "Industrial Culture" issue of Re/Search. Other artists include: Throbbing Gristle and Cabaret Voltaire (U.K.), SPK (Australia), Monte Cazazza (S.F.) and Sordide Sentimental (France). Order direct from Re/Search Publications, 20 Romolo B, San Francisco, CA 94133 for \$7.

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383

RAIDERS

/ continued from page 69

repeated plea inside my head, a plea from my brain to my heart—to keep on beating. It seemed necessary at the time. It seemed to work. Still, when I recalled it I skipped several beats.

"That was amazing stuff, wasn't it?" I said to Susannah. "I was practically paralyzed for twelve hours after that."

"I wasn't," Susannah said sweetly. "That night with Carlos I had the most intense orgasms I ever had in my life."

"I know," I said, "I could hear. I was in the bedroom down the hall. By the way, Susannah, where's that grass you said your new boyfriend had?"

"New ex-boyfriend," she corrected me. "The bastard. Where the grass is depends on how much you want," she said. "If you need more than a metric ton you could try the boat house. If you just want something very special, try the cookie tin in the kitchen."

When I came back from the kitchen, she had succeeded in pouring herself into a midnight blue wetsuit. Well, she hadn't been able to squeeze all of herself into it, but I didn't mind the overage.

"Come on, 'R,' let's hop into the hot tub up on the deck so I can try this suit on. Bring that cookie tin with you."

I brought the cookie tin and followed her up to the deck where the approach of sunset was gilding the huge steaming redwood tub with gold. She plunged right in.

"Roll up one of those joints and join me in here where it's warm and steamy," she said. I trembled for the yak that could have seen her then, and heard the unmistakable invitation in her tone of voice. I trembled for the simplest bottom-dwelling slug that would have keeled over in a frenzy of lust at the sound of her voice. Mostly I just trembled. I trembled so much I had trouble getting the damn lid of the cookie tin open.

"Hey," I said, trying to cover up my struggle with the cookie-tin lid. "Who was that guy Billy? Why did everybody get such a big kick out of his fatal heart attack?"

"Don't you *know*?" Susannah asked me. "I thought Tom let you in on his scene down here."

"Well, not completely," I said. "He always had some secrets from everyone, and back in New York when I asked him about Billy, he'd just go into a quick trance and change the subject."

"Well," she said, "you missed out on a big secret there." She splashed some



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water on me. "Hey, what's taking you so long to roll that joint? Aren't you the famous Connoisseur by now, the chief pupil of the Tom Forcade School of Dope Tasting?"

"It's true," I said. "Tom made me his protégé in the whole field of cannabis aesthetics he pioneered. But he never taught me how to open sealed cookie tins. But come on," I said, "who was this Billy?"

"Wow," she said. "Billy. Well, to start with, Tom was his protégé. Not in any aesthetics, either. In high-level heavy-weight weed smuggling. Billy was the guy who introduced Tom to all his connections. Billy was the guy who owned *this* place before Tom did. Billy was Mr. Big in the Colombian game before Tom even got to town. And most of all, Billy was the guy who introduced Tom to his connections in the Brotherhood of Love."

The Brotherhood of Love. The mythic psychedelic outlaws—the people who pioneered the hash connection from Katmandu and made millions on it. Who first planted pot on Hawaii and reaped the Maui wowie harvest. The visionary company of superrich smuggler-dealer evangelists who teamed up with the Weather Underground in the daring scheme that broke Tim Leary

out of jail in the early '70s. The heroic demigods of the counterculture who tried but failed—and not by much—to transform the consciousness of the nation by flooding it with the best LSD ever made—orange sunshine. They gave it out free. Millions of tabs of it.

For a while it had looked as if they were invincible. And invisible. As if nothing could stop them. As if they could get away with anything, however wild and daring. And then something happened. Something or somebody *did* get to them. The organization disintegrated. Some ended up in jail. Some ended in exile. Some ended up in the coke trade. The great dream of transforming America from within died.

"So, are you telling me that this guy Billy was part of the brotherhood, and that he took in Tom and—"

"He took in Tom, that's for sure," she said with sudden bitterness. "He took in everyone. He turned out to be a narc."

"Really? A DEA agent? Customs?"

"No," she said. "Something special. Although DEA and Customs knew about him. In fact, he had a license to smuggle from those guys because of his other connections. Tom thought he was working for the CIA, riding herd on the Cuban exile terror squads. See, for a long

time he really wasn't turning in the people in Tom's circle because that wasn't his job. The last thing the agency would want would be for him to blow his deep cover with the Cubans to bust a few banana boats full of gold or coke. He was much more valuable to them. But then sometime in '73 something happened to Billy. Somebody started leaning on him. I heard that he had stumbled too close to a Vesco-GOP smuggling connection, but they began leaning on him hard, to rat out Tom.

"Some of Tom's buddies began finding Customs people waiting for them at their airstrips when they landed. Maybe Billy never had the heart to go after Tom himself. After heart-attack dope, he didn't have a heart at all. I heard that after he died somebody cut it out and stuck it on the prow of his cigarette boat, but that's probably just some jive those macho Cubans throw around."

"Now wait a minute," I said. "Are you saying Tom deliberately turned up some dope that would give this guy Billy a heart attack? How come we all didn't—"

"Well," Susannah said. "They say that when it came out about Billy being an informer on his closest buddies, he just had so much shame, it *broke* his heart. I heard that he and Tom sat down over a cigar-sized joint of that heart-attack grass and smoked it down to an ash, and Billy just couldn't bring himself to tell Tom the truth about betraying his buddies. His heart gave out before his mouth could say the words... Hey," she said, splashing impatiently in the hot tub, "you get that cookie tin open, take those Northern clothes off and I'll give you a nice wet back rub in here," she promised.

Well, I finally got the cookie tin open, and that's when things really began to get strange. Because no sooner had I finally cracked the damn tin open than an unmistakably fierce glow from within made it clear that—for the second time in the space of a week—I was looking at a chunk of the original, unmatched, once-in-a-lifetime golden aura of that gold Colombian grass that became known as "Chateau Forcade."

What the hell was Susannah (or her boyfriend) doing with a piece of the Lost Load, that special unearthly grass that Forcade had cornered the market on—and which had then disappeared from the face of the earth shortly before his suicide.

I asked Susannah. She had now emerged dripping wet from the hot tub, was peeling off the wetsuit and trying on another one.





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"Hey, Susannah," I called out. She turned around to flash me a grin, among other things.

"Where did you get this grass?" I asked her. "Do you realize what this is?"

"I don't know where it came from. My boyfriend came back with it one day, pleased as punch about it. I guess it is pretty good. Hey, did you hear the sound of a truck outside?" she asked as she hopped back into the hot tub.

I did hear the sound of a door slamming outside.

"Must be the man from the dive shop delivering the rest of the underwater cameras," she said. "We'll have to ask him if he wants to help us get rid of this pound of coke," she said, taking out a mason jar full of rocks and powder.

"I know," she said. "Maybe what I'll do is this. We'll all take a cocaine bubble bath together."

She proceeded to pour the contents of the mason jar into the water that foamed over her tanned body. I took the smoking joint of Chateau Forcade, slipped off my clothes and prepared to climb in the tub with her and all that hot, bubbling toot. I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

Then Susannah said something that made me wish I had died long before I set foot in Chateau Forcade.

"Uh, 'R,'" she said, giggling and licking cocaine paste off her lips. "Do you hear those voices down there in the living room?"

I did in fact hear a couple of voices. Fragments of sentences like "What the fuck" and "... kill that bitch."

"Are those the dive-shop guys?" I asked, a sudden chill turning the foaming coked-up Jacuzzi water to ice.

"Uh, I'm afraid not, 'R,'" she said, giggling apologetically. "I think my boyfriend's back early from Bolivia. It sounds like he's not in a good mood."

I made a strangling sound in response. I would not have ended up in a position like this if only I had been born a yak.

"And, uh, one more thing I forgot to tell you about my boyfriend, 'R,'" she added, smiling mischievously and licking some coca paste off the wet blond strands of her hair.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Just that my boyfriend, well, he's kind of like a narc." □

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DIRE STRAITS

Mark Knopfler has emerged as one of rock's most exciting figures. To some he's a new Dylan; to others a new Clapton. To High Times, he's a nice Jewish boy who plays a Japanese guitar.

The first winds of winter lift off the Thames and bite through the damp South London atmosphere, framing a tableau of animated figures walking briskly through the night. The six men who together make up the current Dire Straits lineup are heading toward the local pub for a much needed break in their grueling rehearsal schedule.

Inside the pub, Mark Knopfler, who's led Dire Straits from the East London clubs of Deptford to the heights of international stardom, wearily surveys his latest unit while sipping a pint of bitter. "This is the hardest thing we have to do," he said of the day-long rehearsals for the world tour to support the band's fourth album, *Love Over Gold*.

The newest member of Dire Straits, drummer Terry Williams, sits across from Knopfler in a smart yellow leather jacket, cracking jokes and whacking back pints of lager. Williams, a veteran of the great British band Man as well as Rockpile and all of Dave Edmunds's solo albums up until the most recent, brings more than just an easygoing, professional looseness to the lineup. Though Pick Withers, the drummer who left the band after the recording of *Love Over Gold*, did a spectacular job during his stint with Dire Straits, Williams is one of the finest drummers in England and adds additional musical punch to an already formidable lineup.

Knopfler smiles easily at Williams, but you can tell there is much on Knopfler's mind—he is a serious, contemplative man whose deep undercurrents belie any surface casualness.

It would be easy enough to imagine Knopfler taking just a hint of déjà vu as he looks to his left and sees the only remaining original member of the band aside from himself, bassist John Illsley. When they started out, Dire Straits was a brother act, with Mark's younger sibling, David, playing rhythm guitar.

The Knopflers grew up in Newcastle, listening to the early '60s British R&B boom, and when they were kids, fantasized about playing together in a rock band. "We'd do drawings and things of how it would look," recalls Mark. "I

remember getting a Fireballs record, 'Quite a Party,' and playing it continually while David and I played along on tennis rackets."

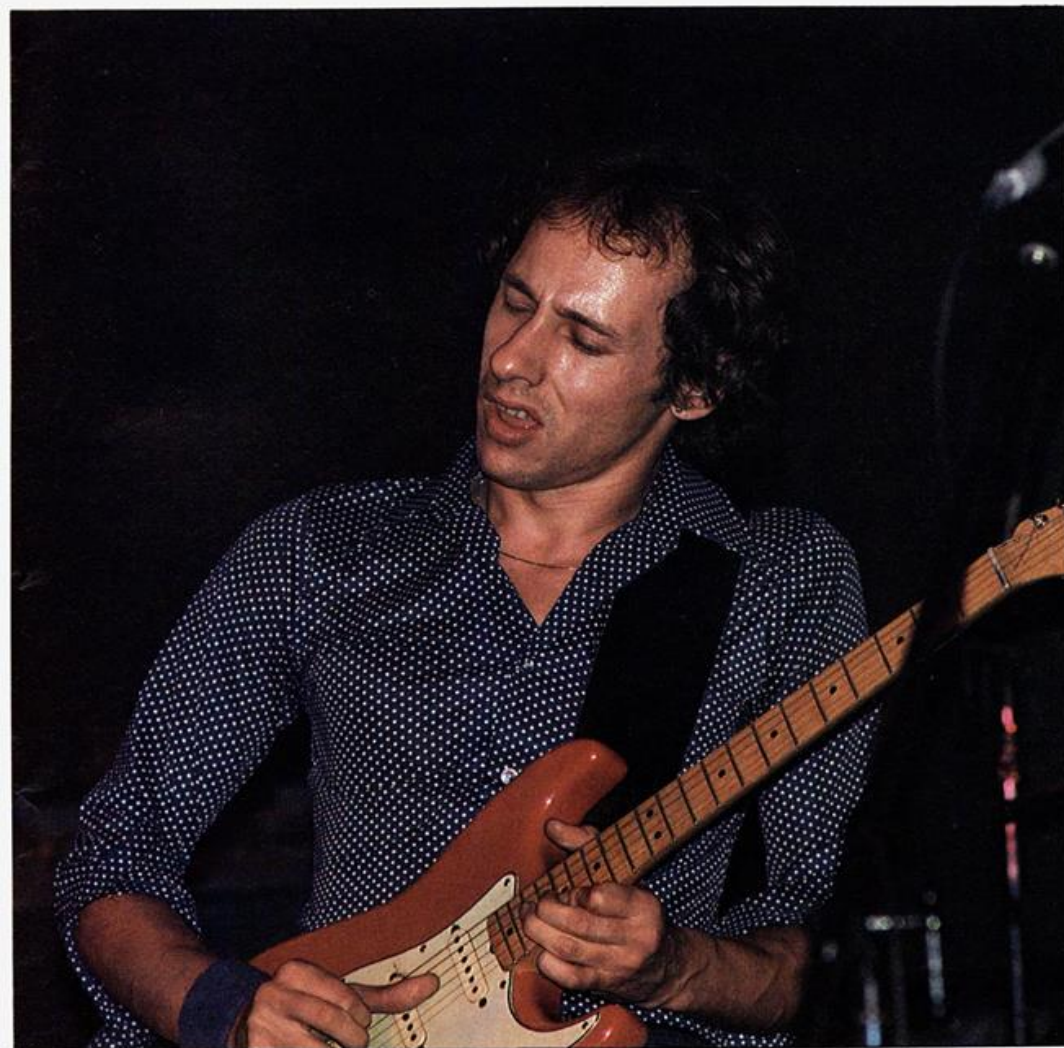
The boys' father, an architect, bought Mark a guitar, and David a drum kit. Mark started writing songs, and soon came under the influence of another brother act: Ray and Dave Davies of the Kinks. "I loved the Kinks," Mark declares with rare enthusiasm. "I got such a burst of energy from 'You Really Got Me' when it first came out. At school we used to have these rough books, notebooks, and it was quite exciting every time you got a new one 'cause it was, like, brand new, with a big plain cover on it. We would write the names of our heroes on things, on your rough books and your bags. I had this thick rough book that was like a foot by nine inches. I had it brand new right on my desk, and I'd just written THE KINKS in big letters on it and filled them all in. Then Wallace, our headmaster, came in and I was sitting in the front row. He saw this book, came over and picked it up with his two fingers and the whole class noticed it. So he holds it up to the class and says with a

sneer, 'The Kinks?'—and he drops it on me head like a put-down, as if to say, 'Degenerate little slob.'"

By the time he was sixteen, Mark was a local sensation in Newcastle, appearing several times on television with a girl singer. The duo appeared to have a future, but Mark decided to go to journalism school instead. "When I made the decision to go to university it cost me a lot in terms of a relationship," he says cryptically, perhaps alluding to the mystery girl on side one of his debut album, *Dire Straits*. In London he did some newspaper work and taught school, but at nights he'd go "down-south London town" to perform in a rockabilly/R&B quartet called the Cafe Racers—"just having a great time."

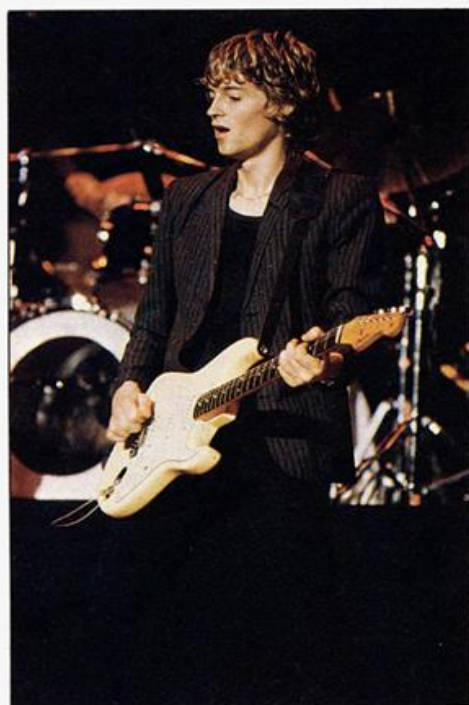
Mark eventually hooked up again with his younger brother, who moved to London and got a job as a social worker. David shared an apartment with Illsley; drummer Pick Withers jammed with them and the quartet was complete. Mark had already written a lot of songs, so the band scraped together enough money to make a demo tape, which they sent to critic/commentator Charlie Gillett, whose Sunday morning





Steve Joester

Above: Mark Knopfler squeezes out sparks; below left, performing during recent American tour; left, rhythm guitarist Hal Lindes.



Larry Kaplan

BBC radio show was the group's favorite program.

"John Illsley had opened a record shop," Mark explains, "and offered to stock the records Charlie played on his show, so they had a thing going. We didn't want Charlie to play the tape—it was just a demo, we just wanted his opinion. We didn't listen to the show that Sunday, we were helping somebody put in a window. Then, in the pub that night, people were coming up to us and saying, 'We heard "Sultans of Swing" on the radio.' He had played the whole tape. Straight away the phone started ringing and the offers never stopped. One of the first guys who called was Richard Williams, who was editor of *Time Out*. All he said was,

'Quick, get a good lawyer.' It was the best bit of advice that's ever been given to us."

Over the next few months the band became London's hottest commodity. People raved about Knopfler's expressive songwriting, Dylanesque vocal delivery and sinewy, atmospheric guitar playing, comparing him favorably to such renowned guitarists as Eric Clapton and J.J. Cale, both of whom Knopfler obviously had listened to.

The debut album proved that the underground reputation Dire Straits had built up was no fluke. From the moment you hear the eerie opening guitar notes of "Down to the Waterline," you know you're in the presence of genius. *Dire Straits* is one of those albums that comes back to haunt you when you least expect it, unforgettable melodies and guitar figures darting past the walls of consciousness in fleeting peripheral moves, images that coalesce, then waver and fade like a mirage.

Knopfler is aware enough of the voodoo nature of the creative process to be wary of giving easy explanations of what makes his songs work. Though his songs often seem autobiographical, and usually carry powerful emotions, he is unwilling to say much about them. "I don't mean to be difficult about it," he says in a halting, measured voice. "They're just songs." When pressed, he will admit that the songs on the first album were organized chronologically, the first side dealing with his experiences in Newcastle, the second written after he left home to live in London.

Knopfler will discuss certain details about the first album. "I wrote that number in a fit of spleen," he says of "Setting Me Up," a bitter song about betrayal that seems addressed to either an insincere lover or a crooked business associate. He laughs quietly, pauses, then adds, "I don't know if I can tell you what the song is about, because the songs mean different things to different people and I think that's the way it should be. As it happens, there was a

/ continued on page 96

THE ELEVEN BEST FILMS OF 1982



Sandy Dennis, Cher and Karen Black exalt the past, remember their idol, in last year's top movie, *Come Back... Jimmie Dean*.

1 1982. The grand overview. Well...

Maybe the *strangest* thing about American movies in the '80s is how closely they've begun to resemble American movies of the early '30s. Of course, they didn't have Technicolor or Panaflex cameras or Dolby sound back then, but the same *kind* of movies were popular. The Great Depression audiences went to horror and monster films, science fiction films, musicals and sentimental soap operas. The most popular stars were stage comedians, singers, "sex bombs" and little children (Shirley Temple—dimpled, be-curved little bonbon that she was, was the reigning female box-office attraction in the United States from 1935 to 1939; from the ages of 7 to 11). All

of these Depression genres, and all of these "star types" are on top once again—even as America grins and groans under the heel of a president who enlivened those dark years himself in such movie gems as *Love Is on the Air* and *Accidents Will Happen*.

On to 1982, supposedly the year of the great rebound. After years and years of sinking box-office receipts, soaring budgets and shriveling artistry, the American film industry—with Steve Spielberg's extra-terrestrial fairy tale, *E.T.*, leading the charge—racked up a hurricane of bucks and kudos in its most profitable summer since the *Dawn of Man* (or, at least, since the dawn of Lillian Gish). Of course, the *reason* for the record wave of bucks is monetary

inflation; the reason for the kudos may be, similarly, *verbal* inflation.

E.T. and its profits don't herald a new Renaissance, any more than *Jaws* or *Star Wars* or *Raiders of the Lost Ark* did. It's just a new watershed in the era of the superhit—the era when the studios are refashioned to crank out \$100-million mega-grossers; when a director is not a director, but a hitmaker (and movie critics, falling in line with this gestalt, conceive of themselves as hitspotters); and when a movie is not a movie unless in one year, and in one fell swoop, it piles up enough gelt to wipe out part of the interest on the national debt.

Anyway, bucking this trend, three of my top five movies were huge critical and commercial flops. I'll have to con-

fess that this financial ineptitude, in the era of the bottom line, Depression-era mega-hit, makes me fonder of them than ever.

1. *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmie Dean, Jimmie Dean* (D: Robert Altman. Sc: Ed Graczyk. With Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black)—A one-set adaptation of Ed Graczyk's recent play about the 20th reunion of the Jimmie Dean fan club—in a small, dusty Texas town on the outskirts of the old location site for *Giant*. The play itself—which failed on Broadway under Altman's direction—is imitation Inge, adolescent Albee; every character has a dark secret, every secret is pulled squirming into the light. But Altman and his actresses, working with almost no resources at all, make it sing—*Jimmie Dean* becomes a funny, mournful ballad on the death of America's dreams, the perversity of American romanticism, the loss of innocence and illusion. If ever a director delivered the goods under difficult circumstances—his career crumbling around him, the film industry scornful and idiot-critics howling for his head—Altman does here.

2. *The Verdict* (D: Sidney Lumet. With Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden and Milo O'Shea)—Powerhouse courtroom melodrama—angry, passionate, riveting—about a hospital negligence suit, and the alcoholic lawyer who tries to ride it to salvation. As the lawyer, Paul Newman gives the best performance of his entire career, and most of the cast manages to match him.

3. *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* (D-Sc: Woody Allen. Music: Felix Mendelssohn. With Woody Allen, Mia Farrow, Tony Roberts, Mary Steenburgen, José Ferrer and Julie Hagerty)—The latest from Woody Allen's post-*Annie Hall* "lyceum" period—a radiantly wacky sexual rondo which takes off on both Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn's incidental music is used as the background score), and Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*. Set at the turn of the century; and all about a whimsical, balding stockbroker, his sexually blocked wife and their four frustrated and furiously horny houseguests. Since none of these six wishes their current partner to be apprised of their new amorous endeavor,

they are all constantly tiptoeing down staircases, scaling trellises, sneaking out of bathroom windows and hieing themselves off to the babbling brook—where the amours come unstuck as lust and the brook babble on.

4. *Tempest* (D-Sc: Paul Mazursky. With John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon, Raul Julia, Vittorio Gassman)—Paul Mazursky uses Shakespeare's *Tempest* much as Woody used *Midsummer Night*: as an artistic touchstone, an ideal, against which to play his contemporary jokes, his jibes and his bittersweet view of sexuality and marriage. The whole movie—set on a Peloponese island dancing in sunlight, and a magical Manhattan—is festive; it's lush, delicious, full of treats and surprises.

5. *One from the Heart* (D-Sc: Francis Ford Coppola. With Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr, Raul Julia, Natassia Kinski, Harry Dean Stanton)—One of the few really *different* movies of the year. Coppola created a dream Las Vegas out of electronic gimmickery and his now defunct Zoetrope Studios, and used it for a curiously cold, oddly distant love story, about a dissolving couple and their "dream lovers"—joining, merging and disappearing in a hallucinogenic rainbow of colors, lights, miniature sets and studio trickery. A wry chorus to these erotic goings-on was supplied by

Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle. *One from the Heart* is already a legendary failure (its murderous reviews and paltry box office, combined with a \$20-million budget, conspired to wreck Coppola's Zoetrope Studios). And it's a *curious* undertaking: a love story without obvious emotion, shot by a director who seemed trying to single-handedly recreate the controlled artifice of the old studio system. But nothing I saw last year fascinated me more.

6. *Sophie's Choice* (D-Sc: Alan Pakula. With Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, Peter McNichol. Nar: Josef Sommer)—Based on William Styron's roman à clef about a young Virginia-born would-be novelist in the Brooklyn of the late '40s whose life gets entangled with a richly eccentric couple (a Jew obsessed with the holocaust, and a Polish refugee of Auschwitz). The couple is insanely attractive, blithe, mercurial, witty and explosive—like laughing children dancing before an apocalyptic fire. The young novelist, helplessly, is drawn into the throes of their mad love, their rendezvous with death. As we watch the three-cornered romance, the novelist comments from the distance of age, of memory... I didn't like the first long Auschwitz flashback here, but, excepting that, *Sophie's Choice* is a superb tear jerker.

Klaus Kinski as Fitzcarraldo.



7. *Moonlighting* (D-Sc: Jerzy Skolimowski. With Jeremy Irons)—A powerful, bitter little off-slant look at cultural clashes, cultural alienation. A Polish building contractor imports a non-English-speaking labor crew into London to do cheap renovation on a bureaucrat's foreign apartment. In the middle of the renovation, the Solidarity revolt and martial law break out; Poland is sealed off. The crew boss, in turn, seals himself off from everybody. Desperate, he tries to keep his crew

ignorant of the embargo; he virtually imprisons them in the house, resorts to stealing for necessities when their money runs out. Jerzy Skolimowski, the great Polish director of *Walkover*, *Deep End* and *The Shout*, makes this claustrophobic little tale a nightmare of alienation and paranoia, full of "ordinary" backgrounds that become gray and airless and seething with threat.

8. *Victor, Victoria* (D-Sc: Blake Edwards. With Julie Andrews, James Gar-

ner, Robert Preston and Lesley Ann Warren)—A romantic musical comedy in the old style, spicy, smooth and sparkling, about a starving soprano in Paris, who becomes rich and famous when she teams up with a gay cabaret entertainer, and disguises herself as a young Polish count—a female impersonator. Blake Edwards (maestro of the *Pink Panther* series) shoots here in the '30s style of Ernst Lubitsch: purposely artificial, elegant, ironic and sly; but he also laces the movie with knockout



Streep as Sophie

Floozie chanteuses in Victor, Victoria

E.T.

Altman at the helm

Newman as Galvin

THE ELEVEN BEST MOVIES (ENGLISH LANGUAGE)

1. COME BACK TO THE FIVE AND DIME, JIMMIE DEAN, JIMMIE DEAN (Robert Altman)
2. THE VERDICT (Sidney Lumet)
3. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY (D-Sc: Woody Allen)
4. TEMPEST (Paul Mazursky)
5. ONE FROM THE HEART (Francis Coppola)
6. SOPHIE'S CHOICE (Alan Pakula)
7. MOONLIGHTING (Jerzy Skolimowski)
8. VICTOR, VICTORIA (Blake Edwards)
9. PERSONAL BEST (Robert Towne)
10. E.T. (Steven Spielberg)
11. MISSING (Costa-Gavras)

THE TEN BEST MOVIES (FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

1. FITZCARRALDO (German) (Werner Herzog)
2. LOLA (German) (Rainer Werner Fassbinder)
3. LE BEAU MARIAGE (French) (Eric Rohmer)
4. VERONIKA VOSS (German) (Rainer Werner Fassbinder)
5. LEAP INTO THE VOID (Italian) (Marco Bellocchio)
6. DEMON POND (Japanese) (Masahiro Shinoda)
7. DIVA (French) (Jean-Jacques Peinpix)
8. YOL (Turkish) (D: Serif Goren, Sc: Yilmaz Gurney)
9. CIRCLE OF DECEIT (German) (D: U. Schlöndorff)
10. TRAGEDY OF A RIDICULOUS MAN (Italian) (D-Sc: Bernardo Bertolucci)

RUNNERS-UP: BLADE RUNNER (Ridley Scott), FIVE DAYS ONE SUMMER (Fred Zinnemann), JINXED! (Don Siegel), THE THING (John Carpenter), CHAN IS MISSING (Wayne Wang), THE WALL (Alan Parker), THE STILL OF THE NIGHT (Robert Benton), CREEP SHOW (George Romero), BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE (Richard Loncraine), THE ROAD WARRIOR (George Miller)

SPECIAL MENTION: The uncut (finally) rerelease of Akira Kurosawa's SEVEN SAMURAI

BEST ACTOR: PAUL NEWMAN (The Verdict), JACK LEMMON (Missing), JACK NICHOLSON (The Border), PETER O'TOOLE (My Favorite Year), JEREMY IRONS (Moonlighting)

BEST ACTRESS: MERYL STREEP (Sophie's Choice), SANDY DENNIS (Come Back... Jimmie Dean), BETTE MIDLER (Jinxed!), JULIE ANDREWS (Victor, Victoria), SUSAN SARANDON (Tempest), JILL CLAYBURGH (I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can)

BEST DIRECTOR: ROBERT ALTMAN (Come Back... Jimmie Dean), WOODY ALLEN (A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy), FRANCIS COPPOLA (One from the Heart), JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI (Moonlighting), PAUL MAZURSKY (Tempest), SIDNEY LUMET (The Verdict)

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: RAUL JULIA (Tempest, The Escape Artist, One from the Heart), DENHOLM ELLIOTT (Brimstone and Treacle), ROBERT PRESTON (Victor, Victoria), RUTGER HAUER (Blade Runner), JAMES MASON (The Verdict), JACK WARDEN (The Verdict)

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: GLENN CLOSE (The World According to Garp), CAROL BURNETT (Annie), KAREN BLACK (Come Back... Jimmie Dean), ELLEN BARKIN (Diner), JOAN PLOWRIGHT (Brimstone and Treacle)

BEST SCENARIO (ORIGINAL): DENNIS POTTER (Brimstone and Treacle), WOODY ALLEN (A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy), ROBERT TOWNE (Personal Best), PAUL MAZURSKY (Tempest), JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI (Moonlighting), STEPHEN KING (Creepshow)

BEST SCENARIO (ADAPTED): DAVID MAMET (The Verdict), ALAN PAKULA (Sophie's Choice), BLAKE EDWARDS (Victor, Victoria), LARRY GELBART (Neighbors), BILL LANCASTER (The Thing)

BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY: VITTORIO STORARO (One from the Heart) and NESTOR ALMENDROS (Sophie's Choice, Still of the Night), GUISEPPE ROUTUNNO (Five Days One Summer), DON McALPINE (Tempest), ALLEN DAVIAU (E.T.)

BEST ORIGINAL SCORE: TOM WAITS (One from the Heart), ENNIO MORICONE (The Thing), ELMER BERNSTEIN (Five Days One Summer), JOHN WILLIAMS (E.T.)

• Editor George's sister

slapstick set-pieces in the grand tradition—the tradition of Laurel and Hardy, of Keaton, of Inspector Clouseau himself. The movie is never as good as its best bits (best bit of all is the cockroach in Julie Andrews's salad, a real classic). But when Edwards tracks his camera through his studio-Parisian streets, or dollies and pans with Andrews or Preston onstage, the elegance of the camera, the panache of the performances are like whispers from the past; the kind of filmmaking no one tries anymore, except in parody.

9. *Personal Best* (D-Sc: Robert Towne. With Mariel Hemingway, Patrice Donnelly and Scott Glen)—Homosexuality again (*La Cage aux Folles* fallout): Two college pentathletes have a lesbian affair, break apart (a split manipulated by their coach) and wind up competing against each other in the 1978 Olympic Trials (the ones that didn't count). There, they have a strange, sweet triumph. The directorial debut of screenwriter Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *The Last Detail*, *Shampoo*), and probably one of the best fictional films on sports any American has made. It gets across the immediate experience of sports: what it feels like to compete, to train, to fail and to break through. And Towne (as he's demonstrated before, in *Shampoo*) also understands all the feints and mechanics of sexual maneuvering. Despite the lacquer of sensationalism, *Personal Best* has some of the sweetest, best observed — and sexiest — seduction scenes ever.

10. *E.T.* (D-Sc: Steven Spielberg. With Dee Wallace)—'Nuff said, already.

11. *Missing* (D-Sc: Costa-Gavras. With Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek)—In the chaos following the overthrow of Allende in Chile, a young American filmmaker named Charlie Horman disappears. *Missing* (based on fact, and disingenuously denied by the U.S. State Department), follows the futile, desperate attempts of his wife and father to locate him. The chaos—gunfire crackling in the streets, "suspects" penned in the soccer stadium, corpses piled up in the morgues like cordwood—is expertly re-created by Costa-Gavras, master of the political melodrama. Since 1969, many leftish American directors have been trying to make an American *Z* (Alan Pakula came closest with *All the President's Men*). Now, Costa-Gavras shows he's kept the patent on the style, that he was the man for the job all along. □

SOLOMON

continued from page 37

I would start blowing like crazy. I would always work hard and get my work done. But I'd make no bones about getting high. For example, I'd say to someone, "Hey, you want a pipe?" And that made them very uneasy. They thought I was going to get busted and bring down a lot of bad publicity.

High Times: So what did you do after you were at *Playboy*?

Solomon: I got some books off the ground. While I was at *Playboy* the book on LSD was published, which was pretty successful. Then I got together the *Marijuana Papers*, which also did very well. And then when the environment seemed to be heating up considerably, circa 1966, I had some money from the books and I wanted to take a sabbatical and find out a little bit more about myself, and do some more books. I just up and took my family to Europe with no particular plans. Majorca was the first stop—a beautiful stop. I stayed there a year and then went to Cambridge, and... then said, "Why not?" to Richard Kemp.

High Times: While doing research for the interview we came across a letter you wrote that contained some exquisite passages of alliterative vituperation against R.D. Laing. What was that all about?

Solomon: Well, that's a special number. I'll just say this without detailing it: He played a pusilanimous role, as the late Senator Bilbo from Mississippi used to say, when the going got hot.

High Times: A role vis-à-vis—?

Solomon: After the bust, he made several public statements in some of England's most popular magazines about acid—about people jumping out of windows and rubbish like that. He did this at a time when it became part of the climate as to how many years I'd get. This was unconscionable, and he did it for obvious reasons. He had been busted after we were arrested. The cops found his name all over my place. So, they go see him, but he's in Switzerland smoking the half-ounce of hash that I gave him two nights before I was busted. And so they raid his house, and they find in his medical cupboard a lot of acid. Not our acid; the acid that he purchased from Czechoslovakia way back in the 1960s. So, they busted him for it, and they brought him to trial. He hired the same barrister that I used and he beat the rap. But he was running scared and paranoid, and he did these

things to make himself look kosher. And it was gross. I had some sharp correspondence with him. I might have been practicing my alliteration excessively at the time, but he was the guy who used to love to tell stories about his trip to India, staying with the Indian mystic Gangotri Baba, and how Baba said to him, "Tell me about LSD." So Laing tells him about it, and when he's finished Baba says, "Indeed, now tell me what are its drawbacks." So the punch line that Laing used to use, especially in my presence, was: "Its drawbacks? It doesn't last forever." So when I consider that along with the self-serving paranoid—

High Times: Sounds like the performance of Jon Phillips of the Mamas and Papas over the past two years.

Did you ever have ethical qualms about making all of that LSD available to people?

Solomon: Oh, no. During our trial we brought in expert witnesses, doctors. And one of the guys we brought in was in charge of the emergency drug and alcohol unit of London's biggest hospital. He testified very favorably for us—not that anybody was listening. He said, "You know the guys that I get aren't the people who take acid. For them, it's over in twelve hours and that's it—no real problems, no after-effects and things like that. The ones I worry about are the barbiturate and alcohol cases." So, ethically, no qualms, man. How does Seagram's feel about the booze it sells—and what booze does? How do these people who put me away—how do they feel about the opium wars in the 19th century? The very people who put me away, who built the fucking courthouse and paid the judges—they used their navies to peddle junk. So, ethics—I'm not perfect and I don't pretend to be superethical, but those moralists—damn!

High Times: What about regrets? Do you ever regret that you started with this whole thing in the first place?

Solomon: No, I've got lots of regrets, but I chalk it up to experience. I survived. I can still do fifty to sixty push-ups. My brain is good. I've got books on the burner.

High Times: Have you done any acid since you've been out of jail?

Solomon: No.

High Times: Plan to?

Solomon: Hope to. □

personal thing going on at the time, but also there was the record deal—" Suddenly he freezes in mid-sentence, then mumbles, "But maybe I'm saying things I shouldn't."

The first album's two most powerful songs, "In the Gallery" and the hit single "Sultans of Swing," tell of artists who refused to follow commercial trends. "There was no attempt to find a success formula and repeat it," he declares. Knopfler champions the artists in "In the Gallery" and "Sultans of Swing" because they remain faithful to their muse instead of being overcome by "all the phonies and the fakes." When asked if these songs are based on real incidents, Knopfler says, "They're real enough... although I did happen to see a Dixie jazz band one night called the Sultans of Swing, that song is not just about them."

As a matter of fact, the Sultans' guitarist, Guitar George ("He's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or sing/And an old guitar is all he can afford"), bears resemblance, if not in playing style then in attitude, to Knopfler himself when he objects to people making a fuss about his guitar playing. "I learned to play on a record player," he says. "I've spent a lot of time playing but never learned in a formal way. I was never studious in a Stefan Grossman sort of way. I was always more interested in songs."

Dire Straits came out of Deptford at about the same time as Squeeze and the Fabulous Poodles, all groups that championed neoclassic rock values at a time when punk had seized hold of the British pop world. Knopfler's songs were widely interpreted as slaps at a venal and empty pop scene, but he bristles at such suggestions even today.

"I think everything's always going on. There's still Teddy Boys getting together and giving rock 'n' roll gigs. The Sultans of Swing are still getting up and playing trad all over. You can go to Irish folk clubs and hear that, you can go and see a belly dancer and listen to music like this. You can go and hear anything happening, it's really just a question of not as much being publicized as is happening."

"I try to stay vaguely hip to what's going on," adds Knopfler, "but it has nothing whatsoever to do with going against the grain of anything. I remember in the States at the time it was all disco. To such an extent that Warner Brothers actually opened a disco department, which they had to close six months later, but at the time our first record was out they were opening a dis-

co department. It was all disco on the radio. Then it went through a big stage where it had to sound like—I dunno, I'd rather not name names. Music has nothing to do with hatred and it has nothing to do with warring camps; as far as I'm concerned everybody's included. Once you start talking like that you just become some dumb spectator at a Roman chariot race. Basically, as far as I can see, things haven't advanced any if people, especially a lot of journalists, wanna put things that way."

Even before "Sultans of Swing" became a hit the band had already recorded a second album, *Communiqué*, which Knopfler now admits to not liking. The record, produced by Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett, was a warmed-over rehash of the first album's ideas without any of that record's magic and presence. "Jerry and Barry wanted to get the guitar sound that was on the first record," Knopfler explains, "and I didn't know enough about production at the time to deal with it."

The continuing impact of the first album wiped out any bad reactions *Communiqué* may have engendered, and Dire Straits became a worldwide smash almost overnight. But the strains of this success, and of Mark Knopfler's fierce desire to improve the band's sound, led to internal friction, particularly between Mark and his brother David. Dire Straits always emphasized the fact that *the band* is what counted, not just Mark Knopfler and assorted backup musicians, but it was Knopfler's songwriting and guitar playing that was getting the group noticed.

Meanwhile, Mark Knopfler was also becoming a much sought after session musician. Bob Dylan asked him to play on the sessions for *Slow Train Coming*. "I got on with him great," says Knopfler of his experience with Dylan. "I love him, I have such a regard for him. There's a vulnerability with people like Dylan that makes you feel protective towards them, almost as if you want to put your arms around them. He had such a hard time, being deified. He knew what he was, and it wasn't God. He's just a very spiritual, poetic... gentleman."

During the initial stages of making the third Dire Straits record, the inevitable breakup between Mark and David occurred. It was obvious from documentary clips of the band working in the studio that Mark was having an increasingly difficult time translating his musical ideas to his brother, and friends of the two musicians point out that Mark would rerecord all of David's parts in the studio. Though the

original separation was described as David's decision to leave the band, Mark now admits that his younger brother was essentially thrown out of the group.

Instead of reacting negatively to this traumatic episode, Mark Knopfler exercised a full leader's role in the band, augmenting the lineup with session guitarist Sid McGinnis and Bruce Springsteen keyboardist Roy Bittan to record the dynamic *Making Movies* album. This record picked up where *Dire Straits* left off, expanding Knopfler's cinematic songwriting imagination into classic tracks like "Tunnel of Love," "Expresso Love" and the great "Romeo and Juliet."

Making Movies was a transitional album that consolidated the group's popularity at a crucial point, but it was closer to a Mark Knopfler solo effort than a Dire Straits LP in its reliance on outside elements. Accordingly, Knopfler set about restructuring his band, adding second guitarist Hal Lindes and keyboardist Alan Clark.

Knopfler took the new lineup to the stage, where the band carved out its identity, and slowly, even the old material became remolded into a new Dire Straits sound. During soundchecks and concerts, the new Dire Straits developed a signature piece of astonishing emotional scope and unusually long duration, a song called "Telegraph Road," which would eventually provide the dramatic opening of the fourth and most recent Dire Straits album, *Love Over Gold*.

If Knopfler's songwriting has evidenced cinematic traits in the past, "Telegraph Road" carries the tendency further than ever in a 15-minute-long epic that traces the historic development of the American landscape from wilderness to industrial wasteland. He explains that he got the idea for the song from "Being there on Telegraph Road in Detroit when we were touring the States. I was sitting up at the front of the coach, just driving down there. I was reading this book at the time called *The Birth of the Soil*, and the first page is about this man who comes into a wilderness and starts, and I was thinking as we were going down this road that seemed to go on forever what it must have been like at the very beginning, and I just kind of went on from there."

Despite the vivid images presented by songs like "Telegraph Road" and the mystery drama "Private Investigations," Knopfler still opts for the multiple interpretation philosophy he's always applied to his songwriting. "If a piece of work is okay," he reasons, "then differ-

"I spent a lot of time playing but never learned in a formal way. I was always more interested in songs."



Larry Kaplan

Knopfler: Tries to stay hip.

ent people bring themselves to it. If it works by itself and is muscular and has possibilities in and of itself, then ten thousand people will bring themselves to it and grow into it as it grows into them. It's funny, like 'Private Investigations,' I was talking to this musician, Mike Oldfield, in Germany a couple of weeks ago and he said, 'Y'know, I just think it's fantastic. I was doing all these tour accounts when I heard that.' He was going through the books on a tour, adding up what money was going where, and presumably he was going through a private investigation of some kind of his own to do with these tour accounts. So it worked for him that way. Maybe for you things will work in another sense."

"Love Over Gold" would be an appropriate motto for all of Knopfler's work. These lines from the title track of the new record are the most revealing words Knopfler has written since his first album:

*It takes love over gold
and mind over matter
to do what you do that you must
when the things that you hold
can fall and be shattered
or run through your fingers like dust*

ALBUM NOTES

**Robert Winters and Fall—
L-O-V-E
(Casablanca NBLP 7275)**

Winters's singing copies Al Green and Teddy Pendergrass, his horn charts copy Chicago, his string charts copy Philly International. Hints of disco.

**Level 42—
The Pursuit of Accidents
(Polygram PD-16359)**

Ex-funk jazz fusion players convert to the Eurodisco club style prevalent in Britain in the '80s. Lots of synthesizer, lots of ersatz salsa, commercial and dead.

**Ray Goodman & Brown—
Open Up
(Polydor PD-16362)**

A slickly produced and arranged set frames these excellent vocalists expertly, particularly on the title track, but a general lack of imagination keeps the set from being anything more than moderate neoclassic lounge R&B.

**Ozzy Osbourne—
Speak of the Devil
(Jet ZX 38350)**

Cheap monster movie histrionics can't distract the listener from Ozzy's total lack of talent for very long. Outrage may make money, but you can't dine out on it. This double live set, recorded at the Ritz in September '82, is even worse than this bozo's studio records.

**Vandenberg—
(Atco 90005-1)**

Better than average heavy metal quartet from Holland kicks hard on "Your Love Is in Vain" and mixes dynamics deftly on "Burning Heart," but adds little to the genre.

**Chaka Khan—
(Warner Bros. 23729-1)**

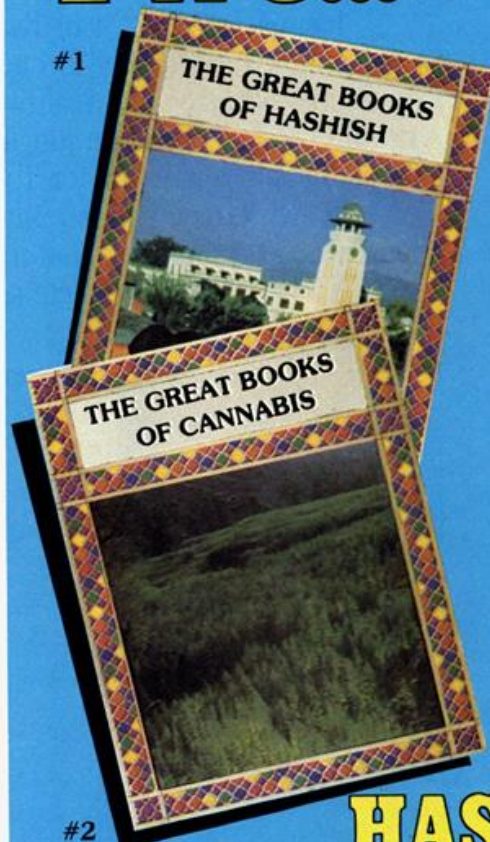
Chaka has The Voice, and Arif Mardin's production is shrewd and corporate, but aside from the single "Got to Be There" nothing is happening here.

**Aileen Quinn—
Bobby's Girl
(Columbia ARC 38378)**

Eleven-year-old star of the movie *Annie* gets expert session support from the likes of Buzzy Feiten and Mike Landau but doesn't have much to offer, as you might well expect. □

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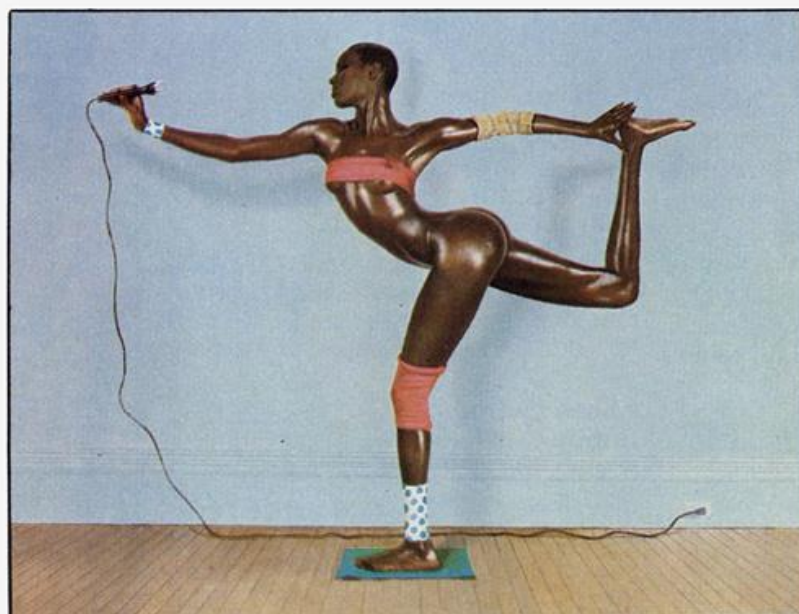
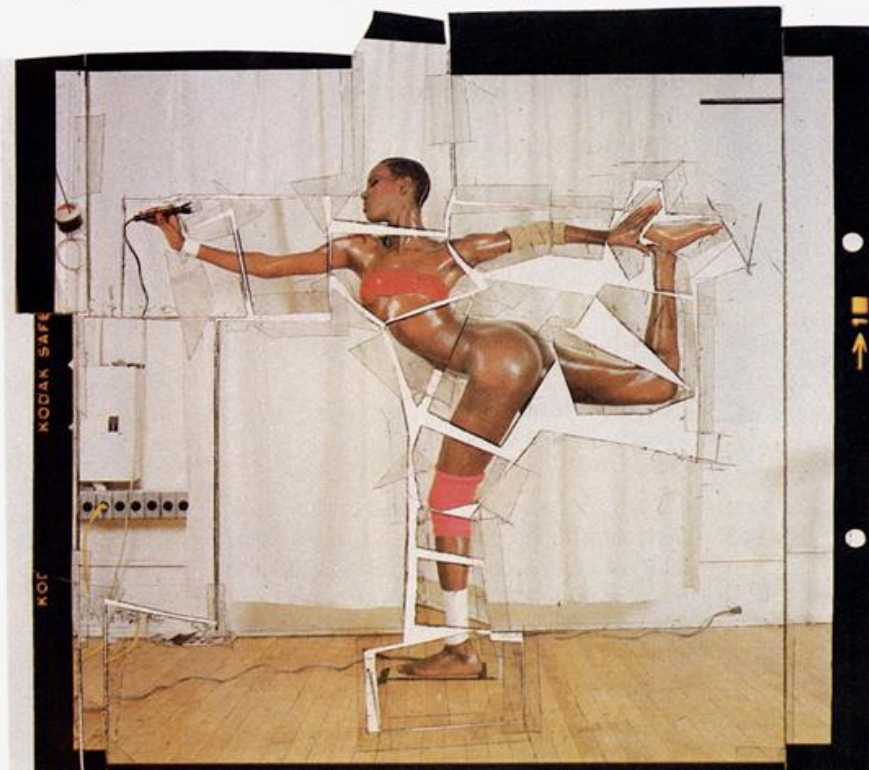
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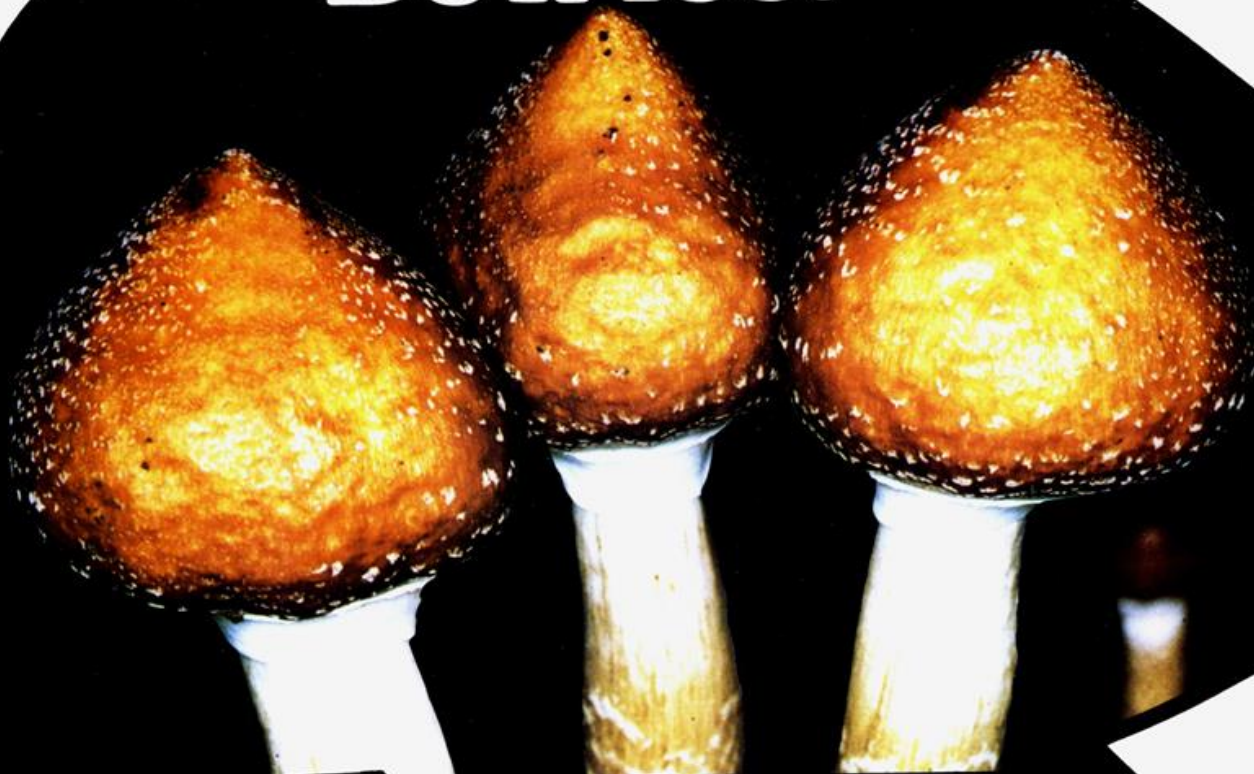
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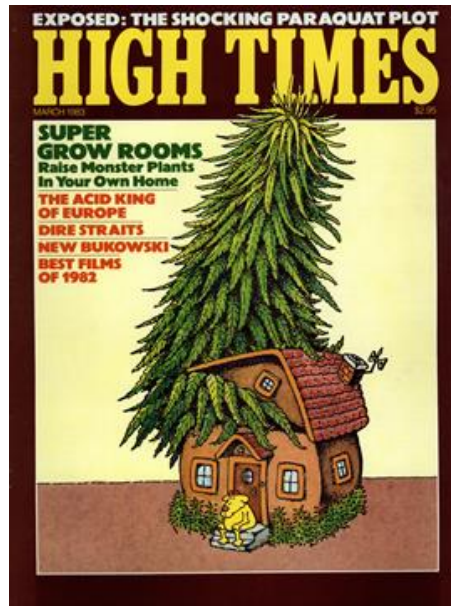
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MARCH 1983



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